

The Listener

and
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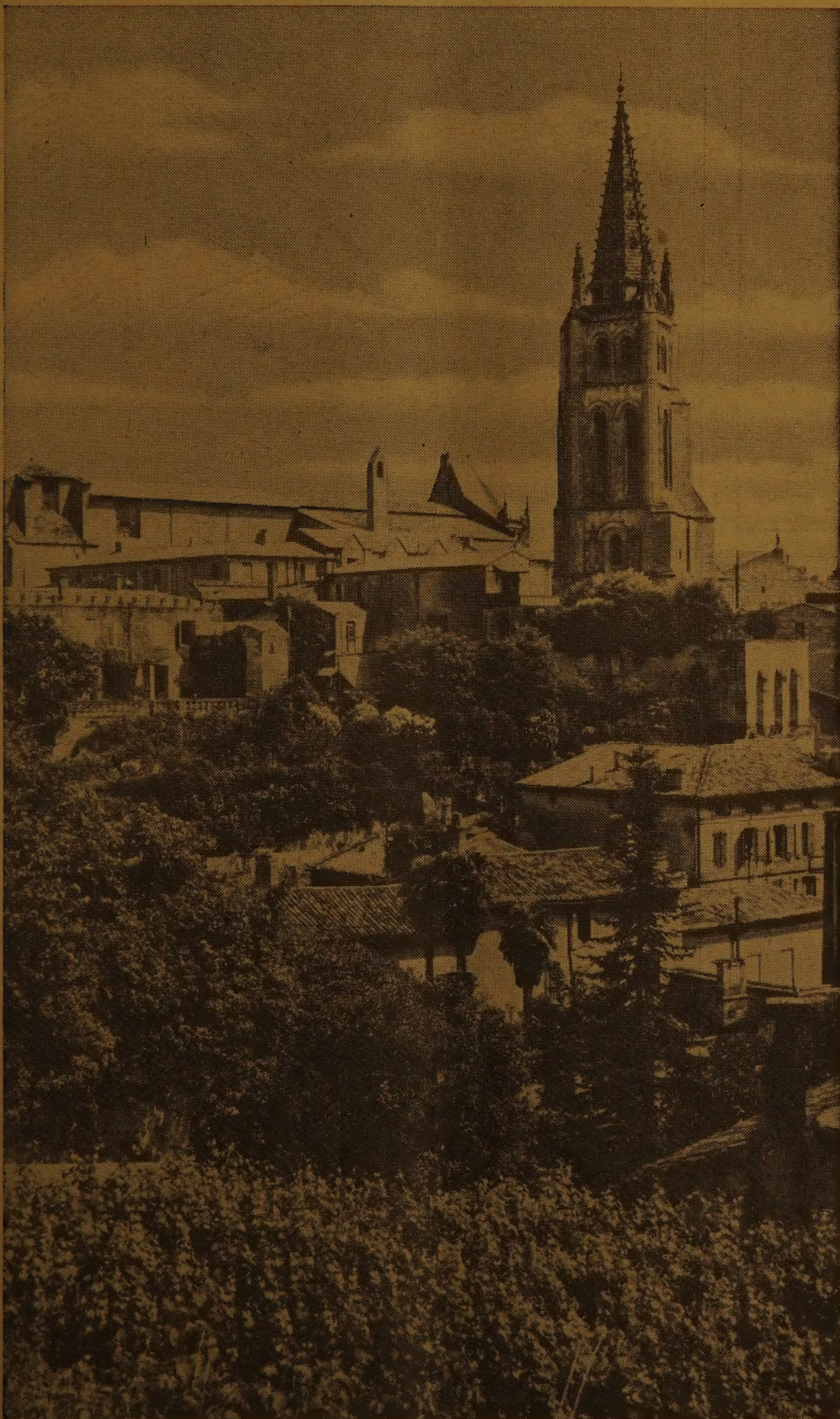
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What is History?—I

By E. H. Carr

The United States and
Russia's Space Triumph

By Alistair Cooke

China: a Summing Up

*By Richard Harris and
Roderick MacFarquhar*

The Thyssen Collection

By Sir Philip Hendy

Campus and Quad

By Pamela Hansford Johnson

Why Did Machiavelli
Write 'The Prince'?

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The Listener

Vol. LXV. No. 1673

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U.S. and Russia's Space Triumph

A 'letter from America' by ALISTAIR COOKE

ANOR'-EASTER came hurling in from Maine last week, collided with a damp squall coming up from Georgia; and the result was a seventy-mile-an-hour storm that blasted and buffeted the eastern seaboard, clattered billboards, flooded the tunnels and highways and—worst of all—left Sir Winston Churchill stranded on the Onassis yacht in the outer space of the Hudson River, having no direct communication with man or beast on the mainland, since even the telephone cable had snapped, and the radio set was out of commission. The New York newspapers, of every political stripe, paid their usual gallant homage to the great man, but his coming and going was—to put it mildly—obscured by the hullabaloo going on in Moscow and in outer space.

I had a telephone call from London at dawn on the morning of Major Gagarin's triumph, from an anxious man who likes to keep his finger on the world's pulse. He wanted to know, in accents that were extremely excitable and incomprehensible to a man roused from hoggish sleep, how the American people felt about it all. 'What all?' I managed to mutter as I reached for the telephone cord and hoisted myself up to a sitting position.

'The space man', he said. 'What space man?', I wondered. He told me, what the newspapers here had rumoured and then forgotten over last weekend, that the Russian had indeed whizzed around our planet, come down where the Russians had told him to, and that he was sitting up and feeling no pain.

I was now faced with the problem: what *do* the American people feel about it? The enormous, the flattering (and I must say the useful) preconception that most people seem to have is that a foreign correspondent sleeps with electrodes attached to his head; that, like the most progressive language students, he receives impulses all through the night and wakes up unconscious of the happy fact that he has added another score of verbs to his

vocabulary—or, in my case, that he has tuned in to the very nerve centres of people in Sacramento, California, and Deadman's Gulch, Wyoming, and that he has, like a medium or a circus medicine man, simply to go into a trance to pronounce what 'the' American people feel about it all.

I will tell you a secret. We do not work that way. I will tell you another: I have no idea what the American people feel about it all. The newspapers tell us, even as they tell you. But who tells the newspapers? The still, small voice of the reporter himself, who sits down as drowsily as I do in the morning, makes a half-dozen telephone calls—to his grocer and a friend and a physics professor at New York University—switches on the radio, and hears other newsmen in Moscow and in London also making up what they think people are bound to be feeling; then he sits down and decides the all-embracing emotion of the American people. I realize this is a highly unprofessional confession. But if you look back to what people felt about Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic, about Hitler's first rambunctious rally in Munich, about the announcement of the Marshall Plan, you will be given faith that you too, working alone and with your own wishes and thoughts, can come to equally authoritative opinions. (By the way, the Marshall Plan was not announced by General Marshall at Harvard. It was proposed a couple of weeks before by an obscure underling in the State Department—I find I have even forgotten his name—at a speech at a college in Georgia. Having no warning that the Secretary of State would take it up, and repeat it at Harvard—not being cued by the State Department's press officers that this was indeed mighty stuff—both the popular and the expert response to the speech in Georgia was absolutely nil. The moment we heard it, said the late Mr. Ernest Bevin in London, 'we grabbed it with both hands'. But, if I may say so with respect, somebody first had to water the plan, and make it tasty,

and shine it up, before its possibilities were made to bloom, till it hung like a ripe and succulent fruit ready for the plucking.) The fact is that newspaper reporters are no different from other men in treasuring Mr. Justice Holmes's view of the truth: 'that which you can't help believing must be true'.

Having said that, let me add that I *can't* help believing that Americans were at once excited and depressed by the news of the first man to be orbited and brought to earth. The basis for this bold conviction is what Americans say in the intervals between these Soviet triumphs. Sputnik was something like a national trauma—it put Americans frankly into gloom. It performed, however, the useful service of damping down, not silencing, the angry voices of certain downright types in Congress and elsewhere, who had been telling us for so long that the Russian mastery of the bomb and their work on missiles and space was a delusion of un-American Americans who had been brainwashed by the Democrats and the liberals.

In the uneasy years that followed, these patriots did not settle to a diet of humble pie. Like the rest of us, they always find a reaction that will maintain their pride. They began to say that the Russians would never have had the bomb if it had not been for spies and traitors in this country and in Britain. The Russians then went ahead in fields where we seemed to have nothing to slip to them. The dreadful truth dawned that perhaps, after all, the Russians do have universities and able scientists and engineers.

With the firing off, and the retrieval, of Major Gagarin, a similar reflex has gone into action. A radio station here sent its reporters round the town recording the instant comments of what we like to think are ordinary people. Out of a hundred or so fruity and sporting responses, the station chose as the most representative the remark of a man who was almost too apoplectic to talk. But he did manage to get out the burden of his fury: 'It's not the Russians we should be congratulating', he said, 'but the Heinies. Sure, we got Von Braun, but the Russians grabbed all the rest of the German rocket guys'. This attractive explanation will now give comfort, the comfort of righteous indignation, to the patriots of the right—and they seem to be mushrooming belligerent societies round the country, as witness the sudden, and alarmingly widespread, rise of the John Birch Society.

The Scramble for German Brains

I would like to examine the complaint that the invading American armies were slower off the mark than the Russians and somehow lost out in the scramble for the brains that manned the launching pads of the V-2s. It is easily forgotten that much of the decisive theoretical work, on space and missiles, has been done by German fugitives from the wartime rocket pads; and that whole teams of these men had to choose, in something of a hurry, whether to enlist to save the world for democracy in Russia or in Huntsville, Alabama, where our space agency does its fundamental work; or at Cape Canaveral, where it fires off the finished articles. I have been told by men who are in this field, and who have visited both the Russian and the American laboratories, that in fact we just about split the available talent; and that the Nazis who repented and turned up in Alabama were every bit as able as the men who went East and worked for the Russians. Even so, there is a truth that is often repeated by scientists and space engineers but is evidently too unpalatable for some noisy people to digest. It is that once the general principles of the nuclear bomb or the ballistic missile are laid down, and published in technical journals, it does not take a brilliant spy or traitor, or even a captured German, to build one. It takes diligent physicists and engineers by the laboratory load. The original vital research that led to the atomic bomb and then to the thermonuclear bomb was done, I think it would be universally admitted, by Rutherford and Einstein and Bohr and Lise Meitner and Szilard and Edward Teller and a few others. All but one of these people were refugee Jews, and we ought to remember that, as we wince at the Eichmann trial and consider, aside from the vast obscenity of Hitler's treatment of the Jews, that his decision to bait the Jews was a strategic error of the first importance.

Now we have had the word of all sorts of unimpeachable authorities—from Secretary-General Hammarskjöld to Sir C. P.

Snow—that any half-way industrial nation with the money can build a nuclear weapon, and that ten years from now a dozen or a score of nations will have it.

After mentioning the lead that the Germans gave to missile and space research, most of the newspapers here have gone on to say either that the Russians have performed an astounding feat and we should give them credit for it; or that there is nothing so great about being first in this field, since the anatomy of these marvels is soon learned abroad, and we shall ourselves have a man up there careering around in less time than it takes to say 'Fire'. President Kennedy put a stop to this wishful thinking at his press conference last week, when he said that 'it is going to be some time' before the United States can put a man in orbit and dictate the point of his return, as distinct from firing a man a few hundred miles down a well-travelled range.

Cheerful Bewilderment

Most people, I suspect, are so cheerfully bewildered by the glut of news about space and missiles and anti-missile missiles that they are content, when they hear the President talk about Project Mercury or the Polaris or the Nike Zeus, to believe that he has the information on tap, and the experts on the alert, and that there is nothing much that they can do about it. Certainly, there has been no churlish lack of congratulations here from the government and the press. The sputnik was our vaccination against a general panic. We learned then that as between the Soviet Union and the United States in the space and missile game, it was, as we say, nip and tuck.

Perhaps the bad result of these space miracles—and I offer this tentatively as something I have noticed, and which I hope is not as general as I think—is that since we know that we can be blown up in a minute, and there is the possibility of waging war from other planets, fewer and fewer people seem to care to do something tidy and decent about the humble neck of the woods they live in. A recent survey here finds a great percentage of college students who feel that since life is so short and uncertain, if they can't have fun in college they will get out and seek it elsewhere. And a campaign in New York by garden clubs, historical societies and the like seems to be failing miserably to stop greedy real-estate promoters from getting federal funds to abolish old parts of the city that have some character and charm and put up in their place profitable colonies of plastic slums. I think of the old English actor, the late A. E. Matthews, who towards his ninetieth year raised Cain when a local council wanted to put a glaring street light up against his garden fence. He raged and howled and defied the Council and the police on the grounds that the lamp was ugly and startled his privacy. The prize for physical courage and endurance must go to Major Gagarin. But for human courage, I should like to see a very small commemorative medal struck for A. E. Matthews.—*Home Service*

Television in the Modern World

How are other countries facing the complicated administrative and social problems raised by the spread of television?

During the coming weeks a number of articles written for

THE LISTENER

and B.B.C. Television Review

will discuss the subject

Terence Prittie will write on the Federal German Republic, Etienne Lalon on France, Kenneth Adam on the United States, and G. J. Munster on Australia

The first article, on Australia, will appear next week

The Soviet Emphasis on Science

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. correspondent in central Europe

EVER since Peter the Great roamed round Dutch ports learning to build ships, pull teeth, and identify the stars, the significant rulers of Russia—Catherine II, for example, or Lenin—have recognized that industrialization and vastly improved technology are the keys to solving the country's twin handicaps of backwardness and isolation. It is a Russian, not merely a Soviet, instinct, to import and then adapt scientific ideas from the West. But it is the Soviet Government which has developed the instinct as an instrument of politics. How many people realize that *every* scientific article of a serious nature published in the world is translated into Russian, and is available within a few months to the quarter of a million experts until now supervised by the Soviet Academy of Sciences? No other country is so thorough.

The Academy of Sciences is more than 200 years old and comes directly under the Council of Ministers, not merely the Ministry of Education. Its leading members are paid salaries of many thousand pounds a year. It receives virtually unlimited funds. Only last week Moscow newspapers published an announcement that its monopoly of scientific research is to be broken up in the interests, as *Pravda* puts it, of avoiding unnecessary parallelism, especially where the application of scientific discoveries is concerned. And it said that the various Republics are to take a greater part in such application than before and that there is to be a state committee responsible to the Council of Ministers to co-ordinate the work throughout the country. This by no means eliminates the continuing need for the Academy of Sciences because in Russia such subjects as history, languages, and law are also considered to be within its province. But it does indicate an even greater control by the Government of the course of scientific development.

Soviet emphasis on, and interest in, science sometimes appears all-embracing. Opening at random—and I really do mean at random—a copy of a Moscow newspaper, I read that a new type of power crane has been invented at Kuibyshev; that a new map of the moon has been published; that Uzbeks have built a textile machine that does the work of four different looms at once; that geologists somewhere else have been trying to make bricks out of volcanic glass; that a new hydro-electric station is being built in the Caucasus; and that up in the Arctic Circle they are experimenting with a new kind of prefabricated house for Czechoslovakia. Most Russians firmly believe that Popov, an instructor in the Tsarist navy, discovered radio a year before Marconi, that Professor Rozing discovered the principles of television in 1907,

and that other Russians, long before the Soviets came to power, were first in the world with antibiotics and farm machinery. In putting forward these, or other claims, they have often proved to be their own worst enemies by making themselves ridiculous—the more so because there is so little evidence of national inventiveness in the ordinary run of daily life.

They may be right in saying that it was Professor Tsiolkovsky who, before the first world war, did the work on multi-stage rockets that eventually made possible Major Gagarin's flight into space. They may be right in saying that the first aeroplane appeared in their country in 1882. They are certainly right when they claim now to be working on harnessing the power of the sun; changing the weather; altering the course of rivers, and melting the polar ice. The hard fact remains that the cars, the television sets, the refrigerators, the lighting equipment, the furniture, the thousand-and-one things depending on technical know-how that surround ordinary human beings in everyday life are, in the Soviet Union, inferior in design and quality to the equivalent items in western countries from which they are copied.

It may be true that a good Soviet citizen would rather go to Venus than to Venice, and that he believes an order of priorities which puts emphasis on impressive national achievements at the expense of living standards is the right one. To him, a Soviet triumph in space is an indication that Soviet

technology in all fields is pre-eminent. It is difficult for an outsider to see it like that. A country that wants foreigners to believe it has a general scientific lead must surely give general evidence of that lead. And this the Soviet Union—seen at close quarters—completely fails to do. It does not even promise it. The gap between the space-ship shown to the world and, say, the operating theatre shown to the surgeon from western Europe; the gap between the active atomic pile on permanent show in a Moscow exhibition and the abacus used by every shop assistant to reckon up the bill—these may be temporary gaps. It seems at least as likely that they are permanent ones, symptomatic of the extremes that are the curse and glory of a nation which, as Sir Winston Churchill once had cause to observe, queues up in the depths of a Russian winter to buy ice-cream.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)



Honouring the first 'space man': Muscovites, bearing a banner with Major Yuri Gagarin's portrait, wait to welcome him on his arrival by air for the official reception of April 14

Tables of Horizontal Radiation Patterns of Dipoles Mounted on Cylinders is the title of B.B.C. Engineering Division Monograph No. 35 for February 1961. It has been written by P. Knight and R. E. Davies and can be obtained (5s. post free) from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

Thinking about China

RICHARD HARRIS and RODERICK MACFARQUHAR sum up*



Mr. Chou En-lai, Prime Minister of the Chinese People's Republic

Richard Harris: We can agree about the general picture of China: of a stable Government in control; of economic development which is going ahead. The idea that the Chinese people are in revolt against tyranny, that the Government is likely to be overthrown at any moment, seems nonsense. But there are one or two points that need to be emphasized: one is the 'evangelism' or 'persuasion', which has in China a character different from that in the rest of the communist world. In China, the sense of doctrine is stronger than Russia ever had. Throughout China, in general, there is the zeal of

real believers, and we mistake its present leaders if we do not think of them as real believers in their cause. One must take China seriously, because they take themselves seriously.

Roderick MacFarquhar: In Russia there has been a much greater belief in class differences: Lenin and his colleagues were Europeans brought up in class atmosphere, whereas Mao, although he has accepted the whole Marxist doctrine, does not ultimately think in class terms. He thinks in terms of the whole Chinese people, all of whom can support his aims, not simply because they are communist aims and they are therefore good by definition, but because they are also really nationalistic aims—and the kind of thing he wants to achieve as a Communist, he feels, most Chinese would be prepared to accept as Chinese.

Harris: In Europe, communism was an attack on an existing order, whereas in a sense, in China, communism is an answer to a century of problems and therefore a regeneration of the order. But in the development of the party, the emphasis in the rural areas was towards class definition: the Chinese Communists thrashed themselves into all kinds of difficulties to distinguish between landlords, rich peasants, and so on—but one never had that in the towns. Men like Mao and some of his closest colleagues were stuck away in Kiangsi in 1929, 1930, and 1931, and lived in these rural conditions organizing peasants for another twenty years before coming to power in Peking. This is an absolutely vital factor, and the character of the regime that took power in 1949 was very much formed by those experiences, which were cut off from the outside world and confined to peasants. One might almost say that in the Chinese Politbureau today the cachet of the long march and Yen-an has an old school tie aspect. Throughout this period, in the Hinterland right up to 1949, the vision that the Chinese leaders formulated was one which was largely nationalist but, as it were, with a communist mechanism behind it. It was a vision of economic reorganization, one of looking back over the previous century as an era of Chinese weakness and shame and with a determination to wipe it out; and in that sense it was not particularly different from what all the Chinese believed and indeed what the nationalists had believed themselves. This strong nationalist element promoted the attitude in China as a whole to think of the people as a unity, and hence, if they failed to toe the line, persuasion was the answer because this would bring it about. By and large this character has been stamped on the last ten or eleven years, and even though last year China had worse calamities than it had had for a hundred years, this has not really shaken the authority of the Government.

MacFarquhar: I think that over the past eleven years the Communist Party has probably lost some of the support that one assumes it had at the beginning, because it has pushed the people so hard. But I agree that, on the whole, the regime is a fairly stable one, mainly because it is always able to *give* a little when it looks as if it is pushing the people too hard; but, on the other hand, the party's internal stability, which you have talked about in the pre-1945 period—this Yen-an long-march group—and its unity have been seriously undermined in recent years, and it is not really surprising because they have had some enormous problems since coming to power. They have had to control a vast country and a vast population: and not just to control it, but also to get it moving, in order to get the country industrialized. The problems that this has posed have led, over the past five years or so, to the emergence of two strong and opposed groupings within the top leadership. On the one hand, there are Mao and Liu Shao-ch'i, the Head of State, who felt about 1957 that the country was not going fast enough and somehow they had lost their golden touch of how to do everything right. I believe they looked back to the Yen-an days and attempted to recover some of their skill of those days and also the spirit and methods. The other group includes Chou En-lai, as leader, and the economic planners; it pointed out to Mao that you cannot run a modern economy on the lines of guerrilla warfare. Fluctuations of power within the party have led over the past few years to fluctuations in economic policy. Chou En-lai has been able to survive the storms but one of his closest colleagues, Ch'en Yun, one of the leading economic planners, has clearly been under a cloud for some time. There seems to have been a definite breach within this Yen-an long-march club, and two very differing views of internal affairs. The problem is, does this breach within the party extend also to external affairs?

Harris: One has to go back again to the Yen-an period and admit that, during that time, the Chinese Communists had no clear view about world affairs. The evolution of their attitude to the world has developed since they came into power in 1949. For example, my view is that the decision about leaning to one side in the alliance with Russia was, in fact, taken only when the time came and they had to make a choice when they could foresee that they were going to come into power in China. Korea was the first serious problem for them, and during the course of the Korean war they discovered, for example, that Nehru was not the puppet of Downing Street that the Marxist text-books would have led them to believe, and they changed their policy. Then one had the development of the friendship with neutralist countries, flowering with Chou En-lai going to the Geneva Conference and following that up with Bandung, a policy which was as much initiated by Chou En-lai, the man who wants to get things working, as by the doctrinaires of the party.

MacFarquhar: In other words, this sort of cleavage to some extent exists in external affairs.

Harris: I think it exists in external affairs. I think it existed at that time, when there was an element of scepticism on the part of Mao and others, who, being insiders, had no clear picture of the outside world.



General Ch'en Yi, Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary

* Broadcasts in this series were printed in THE LISTENER on January 19, 26; February 2, 9, 23; March 2, 9, 16, 23, 30

Chou En-lai came back from the Geneva Conference with the feeling that he had made some discoveries and had learnt a few lessons.

MacFarquhar: Of course, Chou En-lai had studied abroad, like one or two others of the communist leaders in his youth; whereas Mao had deliberately chosen to stay back in China. It is a striking fact that, apart from his two obligatory visits to Russia, he has not taken the opportunity which he obviously had many times of visiting Asia and other communist countries.

Harris: If one is to consider how Chinese policy towards the world has changed in the last three years, I would say that one aspect one has to look at is Mao himself, because so much of what has happened since 1957 seems to me to be Mao's personal passions coming to the front. Here is a man who, to his astonishment, I would think, came to power in China as the ruler of the whole country in 1949. Anyone might think that this was an achievement for one man's lifetime that he could be satisfied with; but a man like Mao will come to a period when he feels he can relate his experience in China to the world situation, and so suddenly a new ambition develops and this leads to a new phase of Chinese policy.

MacFarquhar: When Mao went to the Moscow Conference in 1957, the communists of the world did suggest that he might take over the leadership, and so I would agree that there is probably this personal element. But the development of the international situation is probably the most important thing. In 1956, after the Hungarian Revolt, China was forced to become arbiter within the Communist bloc and I think this gave the Chinese the idea that Khrushchev was not really competent to handle the Communist bloc. Then in 1958 came the Iraq crisis; the Chinese clearly wanted the Russians to go into Iraq to prevent any possible expedition by the Americans from the Lebanon into Iraq to overturn the coup there. Khrushchev was obviously not going to do this because he could not risk a war.

Harris: In other words, there was a serious row between Mao and Khrushchev in 1958, when Khrushchev went to China?

MacFarquhar: Yes. I think Mao had the idea that the launching of the sputnik in 1957 had inaugurated a completely new phase, and he felt that all communist policies should be played from a position of strength. I think Khrushchev's handling of the Iraq crisis made him feel he was not really competent to handle communist revolutions in the world. Then in 1959 Nixon went to Russia, Khrushchev went to America, and I believe the Chinese felt that Khrushchev was prepared to do a deal with the Americans, without insuring—at the same time—that the Chinese demands about the Americans removing from Formosa and Japan were not sacrificed. I think this was the real cause of dispute last year. Khrushchev wanted to relax tension in order that he could pursue communist policies in the world without the danger of a nuclear war which would wipe out Russia. Mao, on the other hand, did not necessarily want a war, but was not prepared to come to terms with the Americans just for the sake of avoiding war, when his own national demands were not satisfied. I think this was basically the dispute in Moscow.

Harris: I feel that the Chinese reaction to that conference is one of marking time, in some ways remaining intransigent; certainly Mao is still sticking to his theoretical guns, but here, again, I am struck by the difference between Chinese action and Chinese beliefs. Chinese zeal to support revolutionaries in Africa and in Latin America is undiminished, and to a large extent independent of the Russians; but Chinese action on their own periphery—for example, over Laos—is still extremely careful. In spite of their

stupidity over India, they have been trying to recover their position by treaties with Burma and others; even over Formosa and the off-shore islands, they have always prodded with care.

MacFarquhar: They cannot afford to get involved with the Americans unless they are certain of involving the Russians, and the Russians have probably stated clearly they are not going to be involved in a nuclear war for areas on China's periphery. On the other hand, however, the Russians cannot afford to take the risk that the Chinese might do something rash—hence Russia had to get in first in Laos to control the situation.

Harris: I would like to say one other thing about this whole question of relations between China and Russia, and that is really the fundamental differences of outlook and civilization. There is a tendency to grow away from each other the whole time. If one looks back to 1949, I do not think that Mao had any reason to respect Stalin. He may have respected him as a Marxist philosopher but he did not respect him as a man holding power who

knew how to use his power, and the Chinese had no close doctrinal sympathy, or exchanges even, with the Russians from 1949 onwards.

MacFarquhar: The Chinese certainly knew that Stalin had made many mistakes about their own revolution, but they had no reason not to respect the way he had guided the Russian revolution, particularly in the rapid industrialization of a very backward country; and this Russian model of industrialization was precisely what they had decided to copy.

Harris: That's true. The Chinese have not

yet got out of the phase of copying, where there is no Chinese traditional scheme of things for them to follow. Much Chinese art—socialist realism—is pure imitation of the Russians, but there is also the traditional Chinese style of painting which is something that carries on virtually untouched by doctrinal criticism.

MacFarquhar: One important difference between the Chinese and the Russians is in their historical experience: the fact that the Chinese were oppressed by the imperialists for a hundred years, whereas the Russians never were. The Chinese are anti-American because they are anti-imperialist as a result of their experience of the past hundred years. This difference will always militate against a Sino-American agreement in a way it will not militate against a Russo-American agreement.

Harris: The whole question of relationship between China and America is a difficult one: both sides tend to reduce it to the doctrinal terms; the Chinese talk about anti-imperialism and the Americans talk about anti-communism. It is not so much anti-communism as a feeling for China that the Americans have. Equally, within the context of anti-imperialism, the Chinese believe that it was America, in the form of missionaries, teachers, and so on, which was transforming Chinese culture; in other words, the threat to Chinese civilization, to its independence, was an American effort, particularly in the early years of this century.

MacFarquhar: Certainly, the consequence is that now, anyway, the Chinese appear not to be prepared to compromise with the Americans at all. Chou En-lai had already said that they would not have any diplomatic relations with America until the Americans withdrew from Formosa; and now Ch'en Yi has said that they will not even enter the United Nations unless the Americans withdraw from Formosa. I wonder if you think that there is any chance that the Kennedy Administration can, as has been suggested, work some kind of package deal with the Chinese—can get some lines of communication going with them?

Harris: It is going to be hard.

—From a discussion in the Third Programme



The visit of the Soviet Prime Minister to Peking in 1958: Mr. Khrushchev (right) with Mr. Mao Tse-tung, Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party

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Gallery Needs

THERE are still ten days left in which people in Britain can look at a selection of pictures from the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection at the National Gallery in London. In a talk about them which we print today Sir Philip Hendy describes how such a collection came to be made and says that it would be impossible even 'with all the wealth and judgment in the world, to make it again today'. Masterpieces comparable with the finest in the Thyssen exhibition are never likely to come on to the market again. This is the more sad for members of the British public, because pictures like Carpaccio's full-length portrait of a knight, or Holbein's fine Henry VIII from Althorp, were not long ago in British collections, and if—as Sir Philip himself points out in the exhibition catalogue—'a very little money by the standards of today' had been spared they could have been bought for the nation.

If opportunities were missed in the past, what of the present? No sensible person in Britain grudges Baron Thyssen or any other international collector the possession of a share of the treasures of Europe, which provide an opportunity for them to be seen by the widest public. But in recent weeks the presence of the Thyssen Collection here, demonstrating as it does how serious are some of the gaps in Britain's own national collection of pictures, has caused many art critics to ask themselves once again if Britain is not slipping behind other nations in the race for making their collections truly representative. Last year's report by the Trustees of the Tate Gallery drew attention to the fact that the small German state of Württemberg-Baden had recently allocated nearly £1,000,000 for the purchase of twenty-nine modern paintings from the Moltzau Collection. The Tate Trustees compared this sum with the purchasing money provided for the Tate; the comparison is equally valid for the National Gallery. Just over a year ago the Gallery's annual purchasing grant was raised from £100,000 to £125,000, and in recent years various special grants have been made by the Treasury in order to make possible the acquisition of certain extremely expensive masterpieces. Unfortunately, however, the value of paintings of any quality still seems to be going up at an alarming rate. The Thyssen Exhibition has emphasized how short the National Gallery is of good German pictures. But, with the exception of Dürer, few of the artists, whose work might still come on the market, have names familiar enough to the public for a supplementary grant to pay for them to sound obviously desirable in the House of Commons. Yet any German picture of this sort would still cost more than the Gallery could afford in proportion to its purchasing income.

But even the filling of gaps in the German school does not seem to be the most serious need facing the Gallery. The permanent withdrawal to Ireland of half the Lane pictures and the fact that some others which had been lent by Sir Chester Beatty are no longer on loan has caused the rooms which supposedly represent French nineteenth-century painting to look, in the words of our art critic, Mr. Keith Sutton, 'like a half-empty parking-lot'. Here is a problem that presents a novel challenge. The population of Württemberg-Baden is under 4,000,000, yet this state found the money to achieve its wishes. Many will hope that the enlightened policy begun recently for Britain by the present Government will be allowed to continue or even expand.

What They Are Saying

Man in the cosmos

FOR DAYS Moscow radio's home and foreign-language broadcasts were dominated by the space flight. Many normal programmes were cancelled to make way for accounts of the flight, congratulatory messages from all over the world, reports of foreign—and especially Western—reaction, generalized comment by Russian scientists, interviews with Major Gagarin, his wife, father, sister, uncle, and schoolteacher, as well as a description of his two-roomed flat, and the celebrations.

There was much emphasis on the point that the flight proved the superiority of the communist system. Academician E. K. Fedorov said in a Moscow home service talk that the U.S.A.'s lagging behind the Soviet Union in rocketry was 'hardly the most important factor'. He went on:

Not only are the Soviet people better informed on the laws of the movement of rockets, but they and the peoples of the socialist countries also understand the laws of development of human society, discovered by the communists; and they know how to build their life by using these laws.

A commentary given in many foreign languages said that there was really 'nothing accidental or unexpected' in the fact that the Soviet Union had led the way into the cosmos. Soviet science scored 'one victory after another because it is entirely in the service of the people and is inspired by the lofty ideals of humanism'.

An East German radio commentator hoped that the message would be understood by Britain and the United States, 'who persist in their opposition to an internationally controlled ban on nuclear weapon tests'. East European broadcasts mostly equated the Soviet triumph with a strengthening of the forces for peace, but an article in the Yugoslav *Politika* pointed out that this success was 'virtually a by-product of making instruments of war'. Any serious step leading to disarmament would therefore be 'a success of equal moment' to that of the manned space flight.

The *Times of India* felt that 'we are now all living only two or three minutes away from total nuclear destruction. That surely is the message Major Gagarin has brought back with him on the Vostok'. Havana radio declared it was a warning to the monopolists, exploiters, dictators, and tyrants, as well as those who were planning to attack Cuba. In China the *People's Daily* claimed that the space flight was 'bound to increase one hundred-fold the confidence of the peoples of all socialist countries in building socialism and communism'.

The Vatican radio called the flight 'a fine reward' for the human effort involved, but warned against the danger of man looking on himself as a creator and not merely as the discoverer of what God chooses to show him. To this Moscow radio retorted:

Now we know! It must have been the hand of the Almighty that guided the Russian Communist Yuri Gagarin in his legendary flight into the cosmos. Just think of it: God helping militant atheists. . . .

Meanwhile, on the eve of the flight, Moscow announced measures 'to improve the co-ordination' of scientific research in the Soviet Union. So that the Academy of Sciences may concentrate on 'major research in the natural sciences and humanities', certain branches are to come under government control. 'The main task of the branches transferred . . . will be to give assistance . . . in exploring the natural resources and developing the productive capacity of the regions'.

Pravda drew attention to a problem of the villages and cited one where, out of 424 households, only 232 persons work in the co-operative, the rest making a living by the sale of produce privately. The newspaper mentioned 'a healthy man of thirty living in a house with a tiled roof, who has an orchard, a kitchen garden, and pigs, hens, and ducks, but neither he nor his wife does any work on the collective farm'. *Pravda* regretted that the Bill for the expulsion of such 'parasites' from their villages had apparently been 'forgotten'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

SPIRIT OF THE BORDER

'THE NORTHUMBERLAND National Park is a vast territory', said YVONNE ADAMSON in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service), 'extending from the valley of the River Tyne and the Roman Wall in the south in a sort of scimitar-like sweep up the North Tyne Valley and across the hills to the bare hump of Cheviot. It is a land of wide horizons, where cloud-galleons sail over mile after mile of empty grass and woodland; where chattering streams dance over rocks, and deer come down to drink.

'I like to go out by what is known as the Military Road from Newcastle—the road built by General Wade after the fiasco of the '45, when the English Army became bogged down on its march to intercept Bonnie Prince Charlie in Carlisle. It runs along the site of, or parallel to, the Roman Wall. And when one is behind the wheel of a car, the road seems almost to frog-march one from crest to crest. To north and south, the rolling moorland of two counties lies before one, an exhilarating vista.

'The Roman Wall, like the road, marches across the hills, as a sixteenth-century writer put it: "wonderfully rising and falling". But to my mind, the spirit of the National Park is the spirit of the Border—the frontier which existed until the union of the Crowns in 1603—a spirit which finds its most poignant expression in the ballads handed down from the days of warfare and lawless skirmishing between England and Scotland. It is not difficult on those uplands to imagine the raiders and rieviers "riding ower the knowe", the dappled sunlight through the forest trees falling on armed horsemen. Even the stout, stone villages are usually built round a square, looking inwards for protection; but, today, the smoke rises peacefully from their cottage chimneys into the spring air, and the blackgame nest unmolested'.

TYNDALE'S NOBLEST MONUMENT

When the Authorized Version of the Bible came to be revised in 1881, the revisers described it as 'the work of many hands and of several generations', but that 'the foundation was laid by William Tyndale'. The Rev. L. G. CHAMPION spoke about Tyndale in 'Far and Wide' (West of England Home Service).

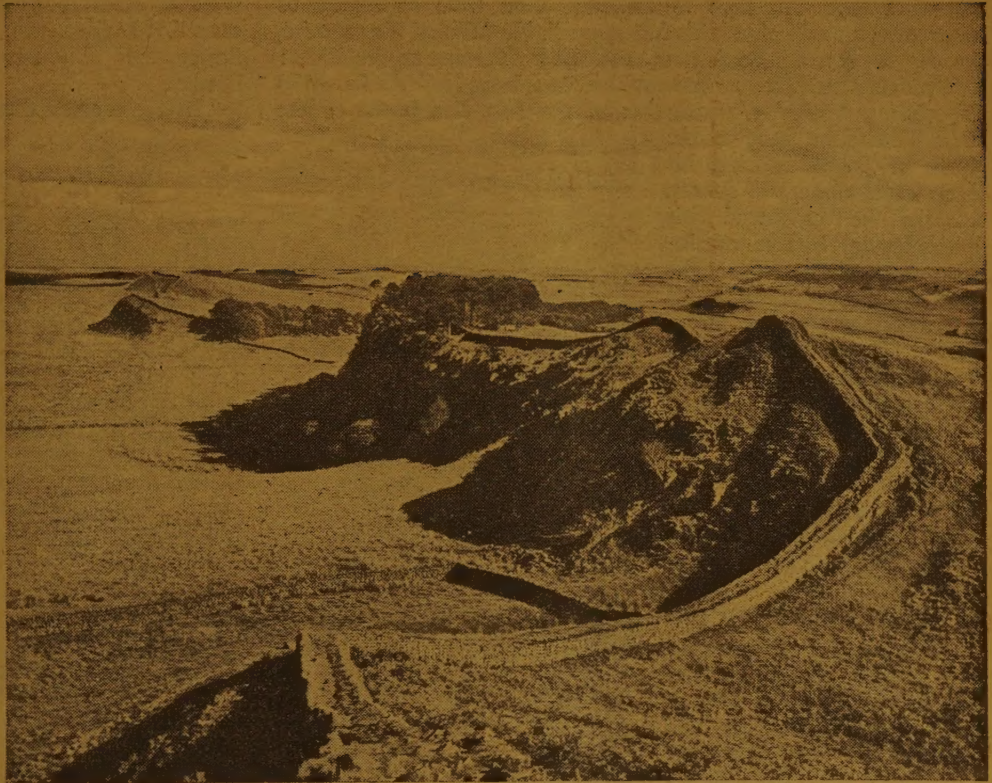
'William Tyndale', he said, 'was born in Gloucestershire about 1494. As you travel from Bristol to Gloucester you can see on Nibley Knoll the obelisk put up in his honour about a hundred years ago. He was born somewhere near here, but the exact place is not clearly known. He went to Oxford about 1508,

and some years later to Cambridge, where Erasmus taught from 1500 to 1514. A scholar's life appeared to be his destiny. But, strangely, he returned to Gloucestershire, tutor to the young children of Sir John Walsh, at Little Sodbury Manor, fifteen miles from Bristol.

'A quiet, secluded life is suggested; but Tyndale was not the man to be idle in seclusion. He translated Erasmus's *Manual for the Christian Soldier*. Foxe tells us that he used to preach in Bristol "in the common place called St. Austin's Green"—College Green as we know it today. Discussions about the new Lutheran teachings took place in the manor house at Little Sodbury. Here Tyndale's life purpose was formed. He determined to give the English people the Scriptures in their own tongue. He would translate—and print. William Caxton had set up his press some years before Tyndale was born; this new craft of printing would make it possible for many copies of the Scriptures to be produced.

'Already in 1516, Erasmus had printed a Greek New Testament, asserting in the preface his desire that all people should be familiar with the Scriptures. Tyndale shared this hope. He would translate the Greek text into English. He would print thousands of copies. He expressed his purpose with vigour to an opponent: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost".

'With this resolve, he left Gloucestershire, never to return. In 1523 he was in London, translating—and meeting discouragement. In 1524 he travelled to the mainland of Europe, spending some months in Wittenberg, where Luther was teaching. Later that year he was in Cologne, beginning to print his New Testament at the press of Peter Quentel. Before he had completed Matthew's Gospel enemies compelled him to flee, and he came to Worms, where only four years earlier Luther had made his defiant stand. Here a fresh edition of the New Testament was printed at the press of Peter Schoeffer. In 1526 the books appeared in England—the first English New Testament to be printed. But the authorities were against Tyndale's work; the books were gradually collected and burned. It is perhaps appropriate that the



The Roman Wall, Northumberland, 'wonderfully rising and falling'

J. Allan Cash



William Tyndale who 'laid the foundation' of the Authorized Version of the Bible: a posthumous engraving

only complete copy of the first edition is now in the West Country in the library of the Bristol Baptist College.

'Tyndale did not intend his first publication to be regarded as a final translation. In a postscript addressed to the reader he promises that "in time to come, if God have appointed us thereunto, we will give it his full shape". He fulfilled his promise, issuing a revised edition of the New Testament in 1534: "Tyndale's noblest monument" it has been called. In 1530 Tyndale published a translation of the first five books of the Old Testament, then of the book of Jonah. During his long imprisonment of sixteen months he continued his work, leaving further translation in manuscript. From the prison, in September 1536, he was taken to the stake, where he was strangled and burned. His first edition of the New Testament had been destroyed by fire; he himself had been put to death. But his work did not perish. It lived on in the 1611 translation, the Authorized Version of the Bible'.

WAKES AND RUSHES

'It always used to puzzle me that a wake should be connected with death in Ireland and with holidays in Lancashire', said JEANETTE HOWARTH in 'The North-countryman' (North of England Home Service), 'but apparently the original meaning was the same in both places. It was a watch or a vigil. In Ireland it still means keeping watch all night when someone is dead, but in England the word has drifted away from the original.

'In medieval times it was customary to keep vigil in church on the night before the feast day of the church's patron saint. This was the wake. The patronal festival was one of the most important days of the year, and so the church was cleaned and decorated and new clean rushes were spread on the floor. When floors were of beaten earth or, at best, cold stone and there was no sort of heating, these rushes were important. The day spent bringing in the new rushes and the night of watching became firmly linked together in everyone's mind, and after the Reformation, when the vigil part of it was dropped, rush-bearing continued on the same day and was still called the wake.

'At first rush-bearing was nothing more than everyone bringing a bundle of rushes to church. Then people began to get together to bring cartloads, and as soon as they did that they started to compete to see who could produce the most elaborately decorated cart. By the nineteenth century the church no longer needed rushes but the custom of decorating carts persisted.

'The carts were all made in the same way, rather like haystacks on wheels. They started off with four stakes, one at each corner. The front pair and the back pair were each joined at the top and the rush-cart was built round this framework. The stakes were covered with small bundles of rushes to give a feathered edge. The centre part was filled with loose rushes and then "thatched". When that part was finished a large ash branch was stuck in the top, and a white sheet was fastened over the front of the cart, and on this sheet went most elaborate designs in flowers and ribbons and silver teaspoons and so on.

'On the appointed day one man sat right up on top, in front of the ash branch, the Morris dancers led the way, and the cart was dragged along by ropes pulled by the young men who

had helped to make it. The ropes were kept the right distance apart by strong wooden stretchers, and if two rush-carts met, these stretchers were whipped out and used to fight it out for the right of way. No wake was complete without a fight.

'The children pulled miniature rushcarts called "skedlock carts". Skedlock was another name for ragwort, a small yellow flower, and sometimes these little carts were made entirely of flowers.

'In the evening there was always a fair for everyone to go to, with roundabouts and swing boats and pea booths and side shows.

'Most Lancashire towns saw their last rush-cart just about a hundred years ago. By then the towns were getting bigger and there was less interest in the old traditions, and also much more land was being drained and cultivated and good rushes were becoming hard to find. But the holiday continued, and in many places wakes week still coincides with the parish church's patronal festival. Just recently people have been studying the weather and changing the dates of their wakes to a week when they think the sun is more likely to shine for them'.



Rush-bearing in Lancashire in the early nineteenth century

IN THE GARDEN

'Take a cloudless early morning between May and mid-September', said SYLVIA THOMPSON in 'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme). 'Add a garden; a dressing gown; the best coffee—fresh and hot; the best butter, fresh—and chill; rolls or toast—crisp; a bowl and plate of my favourite china (breakfast coffee is far more delicious

from a bowl); my oldest little brown coffee pot; a book or two: perhaps a collection of Elizabethan verse, and a Colette, some of her short sketches or memories; perhaps a volume of Max Beerbohm essays; and dogs, to taste (Colette would have added cats). No newspapers! Ours go straight into the fire anyway—except when my husband is at home. No radio; no letters; the telephone receiver taken off. And, I must admit, the dogs should be in a tranquil mood.

'Bring out a deck chair and tray, well away from the house; out into the sparkling fragrant freshness and such delicious chirruping air as one imagines in the dawn of time. Then, books beside me, laze and sip and enjoy perhaps the distant view of small grandchildren breakfasting on the terrace, their voices bird-bright, their bare feet dangling.

'Lie and listen to the summer sounds. Sip, and—according to season—smell the lilac, or roses, or phlox. With the second cup of coffee perhaps open a book, and browse, and laze again while a phrase or image hovers in the beauty of the morning. Lie back, lulled into a mood of perfect irresponsibility. The house, that can be such an octopus, throttling one's high spirits and strangling serenity, sits, old and peaceful, well in the distance. And all those hundred things one "had to do" and "ought to remember" just vanish into the sunshine. When a small grand-daughter comes across the grass her beauty seems part of the morning. She stays long enough to charm, and is recalled. When I put on my glasses—usually such an elusive torment—now even they are magical. Somehow their lenses paint an Impressionist picture: perhaps a Renoir or Berthe Morisot of the children in the shade of the great sycamore tree, or a Monet of the orchard and high poplars and willows and the cornfield with the blue hills beyond'.

What is History?

The Historian and his Facts

By E. H. CARR

This is the first of six talks based on Mr. Carr's Trevelyan Lectures recently delivered in the University of Cambridge

WHAT is history? Lest anyone think the question meaningless or superfluous, I will take as my text two passages relating respectively to the first and second incarnations of the *Cambridge Modern History*. Here is Acton in his report of October 1896 to the Syndics of the University Press on the work which he had undertaken to edit:

Ultimate history we cannot have in this generation; but we can dispose of conventional history, and show the point we have reached on the road from one to the other, now that all information is within reach, and every problem has become capable of solution.

Almost exactly sixty years later Professor Sir George Clark, in his general introduction to the second *Cambridge Modern History*, commented on this belief of Acton and his collaborators that it would one day be possible to produce 'ultimate history', and went on:

Historians of a later generation do not look forward to any such prospect. They expect their work to be superseded again and again. . . . The exploration seems to be endless, and some impatient scholars take refuge in scepticism, or at least in the doctrine that, since all historical judgments involve persons and points of view, one is as good as another and there is no 'objective' historical truth.

The clash between Acton and Sir George Clark is a reflection of the change in our total outlook on society over the interval between these two pronouncements. Acton speaks out of the positive belief, the clear-eyed self-confidence of the later Victorian age; Sir George Clark echoes the bewilderment and distracted scepticism of the beat generation. Our view of history reflects our view of society as a whole.

'How It Really Was'

The nineteenth century was a great age for facts. 'What I want', said Mr. Gradgrind in *Hard Times*, 'is Facts . . . Facts alone are wanted in life'. Nineteenth-century historians on the whole agreed with him. When Ranke in the eighteen-thirties, in legitimate protest against moralizing history, remarked that the task of the historian was 'simply to show how it really was (*wie es eigentlich gewesen*)', this not very profound aphorism had an astonishing success. Three generations of German, British, and even French historians marched into battle chanting the magic words '*Wie es eigentlich gewesen*' like an incantation—designed, like most incantations, to save them from the tiresome obligation to think for themselves. First get your facts straight, then plunge at your peril into the shifting sands of interpretation—that is the ultimate wisdom of the empirical, common-sense school of history. Sir George Clark, critical as he was of Acton, contrasted what he called 'the hard core of facts' in history with 'the surrounding pulp of disputable interpretation'.

Now this clearly will not do. What is a historical fact? This is a crucial question into which we must look a little more closely. According to the common-sense view, there are certain basic facts which are the same for all historians and which form, so to speak, the backbone of history—the fact, for example, that the Battle of Hastings was fought in 1066. But this view calls for two observations. In the first place, it is not with facts like these that the historian is primarily concerned. It is no doubt important to know that the great battle was fought in 1066 and not in 1065 or 1067, and that it was fought at Hastings and not at Eastbourne or Brighton. The historian must not get these things wrong. But when points of this kind are raised, I am reminded of Housman's remark that accuracy is a duty, not a virtue. To praise a historian

for his accuracy is like praising an architect for using well-seasoned timber or properly mixed concrete in his building. It is a necessary condition of his work, but not his essential function. These so-called basic facts which are the same for all historians commonly belong to the category of the raw materials of the historian rather than of history itself.

A Preposterous Fallacy

The second observation is that the necessity to establish these basic facts rests not on any quality in the facts themselves but on an *a priori* decision of the historian. It used to be said that facts speak for themselves. This is, of course, untrue. The facts speak only when the historian calls on them: it is he who decides to which facts to give the floor, and in what order or context. The only reason why we are interested to know that the battle was fought at Hastings in 1066 is that historians regard it as a major historical event. The historian is necessarily selective. The belief in a hard core of historical facts existing objectively and independently of the interpretation of the historian is a preposterous fallacy, but one which it is hard to eradicate.

May I be allowed a personal reminiscence? When I studied ancient history, many years ago, I had as a special subject 'Greece in the period of the Persian Wars'. I collected fifteen or twenty volumes on my shelves and took it for granted that there, recorded in these volumes, I had all the facts relating to my subject. Let us assume—it was nearly true—that those volumes contained all the facts about it that were then known, or could be known. It never occurred to me to inquire by what accident or process of attrition that minute selection of facts, out of all the myriad facts that must once have been known to somebody, had survived to become *the* facts of history. Our picture of Greece in the fifth century B.C. is defective not primarily because so many of the bits have been accidentally lost, but because, by and large, what has survived has been the picture formed by a tiny group of people in the city of Athens. We know a good deal about what fifth-century Greece looked like to an Athenian citizen; but hardly anything about what it looked like to a Spartan, a Corinthian, or a Theban—not to mention a Persian, or a slave or other non-citizen resident in Athens. What we know as the facts of medieval history have almost all been selected for us by generations of chroniclers who were professionally occupied in the theory and practice of religion, and who therefore thought it supremely important, and recorded everything relating to it, and not much else. The picture of medieval man as devoutly religious, whether true or not, is indestructible, because nearly all the known facts about him were pre-selected for us by people who believed it and wanted others to believe it; and a mass of other facts, in which we might possibly have found evidence to the contrary, has been lost beyond recall.

Cultivating Necessary Ignorance

Let us turn to the different, but equally grave, plight of the modern historian. The ancient or medieval historian may be grateful for the vast winnowing process which, over the years, has put at his disposal a manageable corpus of historical facts. As Lytton Strachey said in his mischievous way: 'Ignorance is the first requisite of the historian, ignorance which simplifies and clarifies, which selects and omits'. When I am tempted, as I sometimes am, to envy the extreme competence of colleagues engaged in writing ancient or medieval history, I find consolation in the reflection that they are so competent mainly because they are so ignorant of their subject. The modern historian enjoys none of the advantages of this built-in ignorance. He must cultivate this necessary ignorance for himself—the more so the nearer he comes to his own times. He has a dual task of discovering the few significant facts and turning them into facts of history,

and of discarding the many insignificant facts as unhistorical.

This is the very converse of the nineteenth-century heresy that history consists of the compilation of a maximum number of irrefutable and objective facts. Anyone who succumbs to this heresy will either have to give up history as a bad job, and take to stamp collecting or some other form of antiquarianism, or end in a mad-house. It is this heresy which, during the past hundred years, has had such devastating effects on the modern historian, producing in Germany, in Great Britain, and in the United States, a vast and growing mass of dry-as-dust factual histories, of minutely specialized monographs, of would-be historians knowing more and more about less and less, sunk without trace in an ocean of facts.

The liberal nineteenth-century view of history had a close affinity with the economic doctrine of laissez-faire—also the product of a serene and self-confident outlook on the world. Let everyone get on with his particular job, and the hidden hand would take care of the universal harmony. The facts of history were themselves a demonstration of the supreme fact of a beneficent and apparently infinite progress towards higher things. This was the age of innocence, and historians walked in the Garden of Eden, without a fig leaf of philosophy to cover them, naked and unashamed before the god of history.

Croce and Collingwood

During the past fifty years a good deal of serious work has been done on the question 'What is History?' It was from Germany, the country which was to do so much to upset the comfortable reign of nineteenth-century liberalism, that the first challenge came in the eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties to the doctrine of the primacy and autonomy of facts in history. Before the turn of the century, prosperity and confidence were still too great in this country for much attention to be paid to heretics who attacked the cult of facts. But early in the new century the torch passed to Italy, where Croce began to propound a philosophy of history which obviously owed much to German masters. 'All history is contemporary history', declared Croce, meaning that history consists essentially in seeing the past through the eyes of the present and in the light of its problems, and that the main work of the historian is not to record, but to evaluate; for, if he does not evaluate, how can he know what is worth recording? It was only after 1920 that Croce's thesis began to have a considerable vogue in France and Great Britain. This was not perhaps because Croce was a subtler thinker or a better stylist than his German predecessors, but because, after the first world war, the facts seemed to smile on us less propitiously than in the years before 1914, and we were therefore more accessible to a philosophy which sought to diminish their prestige. Croce was an important influence on the Oxford philosopher and historian Collingwood, the only British thinker in the present century who has made a serious contribution to the philosophy of history.

The critique of Croce and Collingwood, though it may call for serious reservations, brings to light certain neglected truths. In the first place, the facts of history never come to us 'pure', since they do not and cannot exist in a pure form: they are always refracted through the mind of the recorder. It follows that, when we take up a work of history, our first concern should be not with the facts which it contains but with the historian who wrote it. Trevelyan, as he tells us in his autobiography, was 'brought up at home on a somewhat exuberantly Whig tradition'; and he would not, I hope, disclaim the title if I described him as the last and not the least of the great English liberal historians of the Whig tradition. Dr. Trevelyan's finest and maturest work, *England under Queen Anne*, was written against that background, and will yield its full meaning and significance to the reader only when read against that background. The author, indeed, leaves the reader with no excuse for failing to do so. For if, following the technique of connoisseurs of detective novels, you read the end first, you will find on the last few pages of the third volume the best summary known to me of what is nowadays called the Whig interpretation of history: and you will see that what Trevelyan is trying to do is to investigate the origin and development of the Whig tradition, and to root it fairly and squarely in the years after the death of its founder, William III.

This is not perhaps the only conceivable interpretation of the

origin of Queen Anne; but it is in Trevelyan's hands a fruitful interpretation. In order to appreciate it at its full value, you have to understand what the historian is doing. Study the historian before you begin to study his facts. This is, after all, not very abstruse. It is what is already done by the intelligent undergraduate who, when recommended to read a work by that great scholar Jones of St. Jude's, goes round to a friend at St. Jude's to ask what sort of chap Jones is, and what bees he has in his bonnet. When you read a work of history, always listen out for the buzzing. If you can detect none, either you are tone deaf or your historian is a dull dog. By and large, the historian will get the kind of facts he wants. History means interpretation. Indeed, if, standing Sir George Clark on his head, I were to call history 'a hard core of interpretation surrounded by a pulp of disputable facts', my statement would no doubt be one-sided and misleading, but no more so, I venture to think, than the original dictum.

Need for Imaginative Understanding

The second point of the Collingwood thesis is the more familiar one of the historian's need of imaginative understanding for the minds of the people with whom he is dealing, for the thought behind their acts: I say 'imaginative understanding', not 'sympathy', lest sympathy should be supposed to imply agreement. The nineteenth century was weak in medieval history, because it was too much repelled by the superstitious beliefs of the Middle Ages, and by the barbarities which they inspired, to have any imaginative understanding of medieval people. Or take Burckhardt's censorious remark about the Thirty Years' War: 'It is scandalous for a creed, no matter whether it is Catholic or Protestant, to place its salvation above the integrity of the nation'. It was extremely difficult for a nineteenth-century liberal historian, brought up to believe that it is right and praiseworthy to kill in defence of one's country, but wicked and wrong-headed to kill in defence of one's religion, to enter into the state of mind of those who fought the Thirty Years' War.

This difficulty is particularly acute in the field in which I am now working. Much of what has been written in English-speaking countries in the last ten years about the Soviet Union, and in the Soviet Union about the English-speaking countries, has been vitiated by this inability to achieve even the most elementary measure of imaginative understanding of what goes on in the mind of the other party, so that the words and actions of the other are always made to appear malign, senseless, or hypocritical. History cannot be written unless the historian can achieve some kind of contact with the mind of those about whom he is writing.

If, however, these are some of the insights of what I may call the Collingwood view of history, it is time to consider some of the dangers. The emphasis on the role of the historian in the making of history tends, if pressed to its logical conclusion, to rule out any objective history at all: history is what the historian makes. Collingwood seems indeed, at one moment, in an unpublished note quoted by his editor to have reached this conclusion:

St. Augustine looked at history from the point of view of the early Christian; Gibbon, from that of an eighteenth-century Englishman; Mommsen from that of a nineteenth-century German. There is no point in asking which was the right point of view. Each was the only one possible for the man who adopted it.

An Infinity of Meanings

This amounts to total scepticism, like Froude's remark that history is 'a child's box of letters with which we can spell any word we please'. Collingwood, in his reaction against 'scissors-and-paste history', against the view of history as a mere compilation of facts, comes perilously near to treating history as something spun out of the human brain, and leads back to the conclusion that there is no 'objective' historical truth. In place of the theory that history has no meaning we are offered the theory of an infinity of meanings, none any more right than any other—which comes to much the same thing. The second theory is surely as untenable as the first. It does not follow that, because a mountain appears to take on different shapes from different angles of vision, it has objectively either no shape at all or an infinity of shapes. But a still greater danger lurks in the Collingwood hypothesis. If the historian necessarily looks at his

period of history through the eyes of his own time, and studies the problems of the past as a key to those of the present, will he not fall into a pragmatic view of the facts, and maintain that the criterion of the right interpretation is its suitability to some present purpose? On this hypothesis, the facts of history are nothing, interpretation is everything. Knowledge is knowledge for some purpose. The validity of knowledge depends on the validity of the purpose. In my own field of study I have seen too many examples of extravagant interpretation riding rough-shod over facts not to be impressed with the reality of this danger. It is not surprising that perusal of some of the more extreme products of Soviet and anti-Soviet schools of historiography should sometimes breed a certain nostalgia for that illusory nineteenth-century haven of purely factual history.

How then, in the middle of the twentieth century, are we to define the obligation of the historian to his facts? The commonest assumption appears to be that the historian divides his work into two sharply distinguishable phases or periods: first, he spends a long preliminary period reading his sources and filling his note-book with facts: then, when this is over, he puts away his sources, takes out his note-book and writes his book from beginning to end. This is to me an unconvincing and unpalatable picture. For myself, as soon as I have got going on a few of what I take to be the capital sources, the itch becomes too strong and I begin to write—not necessarily at the beginning, but somewhere, anywhere. Thereafter, reading and writing go on simultaneously. The writing is added to, subtracted from, reshaped, cancelled, as I go on reading. The reading is guided and directed and made fruitful by the writing: the more I write, the more I know what I am looking for, the better I understand the significance and relevance of what I find. Whatever the technique employed, I am convinced that, for any historian worth the name, the two processes of what economists call 'input' and 'output' go on simultaneously and are, in practice, parts of a single process. If you try to separate them, or to give one priority over the other, you fall into one of two heresies. Either you write scissors-and-paste history without meaning or significance; or you write propaganda or historical fiction, and merely use facts of the past to

embroider a kind of writing which has nothing to do with history.

Our examination of the relation of the historian to the facts of history finds us, therefore, in an apparently precarious situation, navigating delicately between Scylla and Charybdis: the Scylla of an untenable theory of history as an objective compilation of facts, of the unqualified primacy of fact over interpretation, and the Charybdis of an equally untenable theory of history as the subjective product of the mind of the historian who establishes the facts of history and masters them through the process of interpretation. The predicament of the historian is a reflection of the nature of man. Man, except perhaps in earliest infancy and in extreme old age, is never totally involved in his environment and unconditionally subject to it. On the other hand, he is never totally independent of it and its unconditional master. The relation of man to his environment is the relation of the historian to his theme. The historian is neither the humble slave, nor the tyrannical master, of his facts.

The relation between the historian and his facts is one of equality, of give-and-take. As any working historian knows, if he stops to reflect what he is doing as he thinks and writes, the historian is engaged on a continuous process of moulding his facts to his interpretation and his interpretation to his facts. It is impossible to assign primacy to one over the other. The historian starts with a provisional selection of facts and provisional interpretation in the light of which that selection has been made—by others as well as himself. As he works, both the interpretation and the selection and ordering of facts undergo subtle and perhaps partly unconscious changes through the reciprocal action of one or the other. And this reciprocal action also involves reciprocity between present and past. The historian and the facts of history are necessary to one another. The historian without his facts is rootless and futile; the facts without their historian are dead and meaningless. My first answer, therefore, to the question, 'What is History?' is that it is a continuous process of interaction between the historian and his facts, an unending dialogue between the present and the past.—*Third Programme*

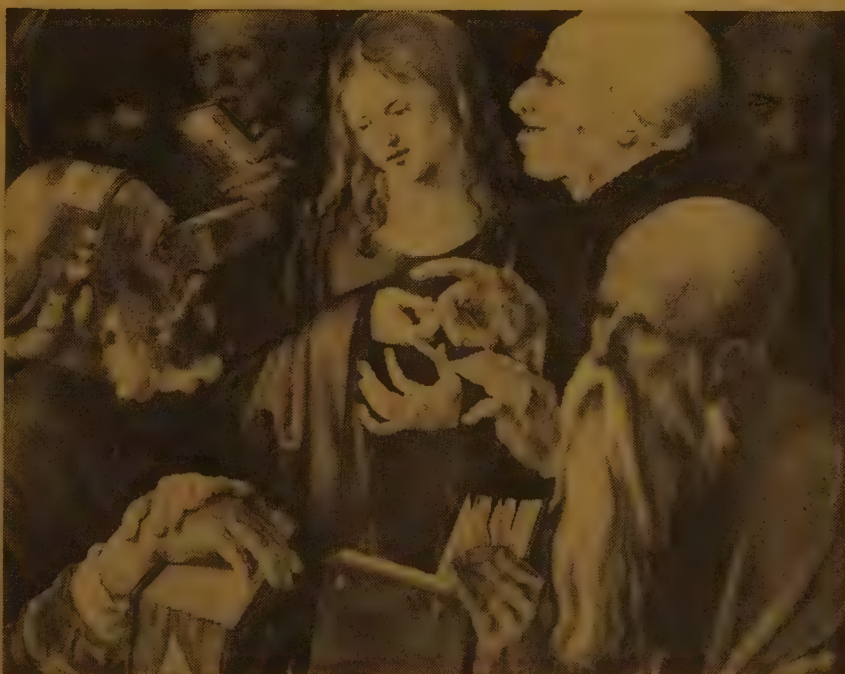
Mr. Carr's Trevelyan Lectures will be published by Messrs. Macmillan next autumn

From Van Eyck to Tiepolo

SIR PHILIP HENDY on the Thyssen Collection at the National Gallery, London

MORE than thirty years ago in Munich there was an exhibition of what was called the 'Schloss Rohoncz Collection'. Part of this collection is on exhibition now, at the National Gallery, and in the years between a knowledge of it became essential to people interested in the history of art. But in 1930 the collection itself was a spectacular surprise. It had never been heard of before. Rohoncz was a huge ugly castle in Hungary; but not many people knew of it, and in any case it had never contained any of the pictures then brought together in the Neue Pinakothek. According to the catalogue of the exhibition they had come from London, Paris, Berlin, and The Hague, and I suspect they had remained until then in these capitals with the dealers from whom they had been bought.

The late Baron Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza allowed his name to appear in the foreword to the exhibition catalogue; but he always preferred his collection to go under the impersonal title of Schloss Rohoncz. He may have inherited a few pictures from his father, the founder of the vast commercial and industrial Thyssen empire; but all this collection had been acquired by him during the previous five or six years. He had made it so secretly that even his family, I am told, had no idea of its existence



'The Child Jesus among the Doctors', by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528)

until he took them to Munich to see it.

Art collectors have their neuroses, as do artists, art critics, art historians, art dealers, and even directors of art galleries; and this unusual act would perhaps be more unusual still if it was without a neurotic aspect. But on the other hand the Baron had set out to form a collection; a collection is not a collection until it is brought together and this one was much too big to be brought together even at Schloss Rohoncz. The Munich exhibition must have been necessary for him not merely to see his achievement but to evaluate it for himself. To buy pictures requires not only money but judgment; indeed buying is the supreme test of judgment. It is not so surprising that he wanted his collection to be known only when it could speak for itself.

The Baron was evidently an extraordinary man not only for his energy of action but for his intuition. One day in 1932 he returned from a business visit to Dusseldorf to tell his family that he had heard Hitler speak, that Hitler would be the ruin of Germany, and that they were all going to live in Switzerland. Before the end of the year he had found and bought the Villa Favorita on the lake near Lugano and had settled there his family and his pictures. Before the first war, disliking Germany, he had taken the name of Bornemisza from his Hungarian father-in-law and had chosen the banking and shipping half, largely operating in Holland, of his father's business. His brother, the industrialist and Senator, remained in Germany—to find himself before long in a concentration camp.

At the Villa Favorita the Baron built a picture gallery, and here the collection grew almost to what it is today. The American depression made it possible to bring back many masterpieces to Europe. When Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza died in 1947, it was not quite the same collection as it is now. Some pictures have gone. On the other hand, his son, the present Baron, who has lent us this splendid exhibition, has been making notable additions.

The coming of so large a private collection as this to England inevitably breeds comparisons and hyperbole. One cannot compare even the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection with the English Royal Collection, scattered through three palaces. One might even prefer the comparatively small Ellesmere Collection, of which much is now on loan to the National Gallery in Edinburgh. Abroad I can think only of the Liechtenstein Collection, of which the Flemish and Dutch nucleus is generously exhibited at Vaduz. The other mammoth collections abroad are mostly of nineteenth and twentieth century pictures—of which there are none in the Villa Favorita and few outstanding examples, alas, in England.

In other words this collection is indeed equalled by only two or three exceptional private collections; and it would be impossible, with all the wealth and judgment in the world, to make it again today. Only in the United Kingdom is there left a sufficient store of pictures painted before 1800. But, what with the great change in public interest and the export regulations which have resulted, it is almost impossible today to think that such pictures as Holbein's portrait of 'Henry VIII' would be allowed to leave the country, or quite a number of other pictures in the collection which left England not many years ago.

However, there is one group of Thyssen-Bornemisza pictures the like of which could not be collected anywhere today: the German. The late Baron was not in time to acquire great pictures by the earliest of German painters—of the Cologne School, for



'Cardinal Ferry Carondelet with his Secretaries', by Sebastiano del Piombo (c. 1485-1547)

instance—but there are some important pictures of the second half of the fifteenth century, like the panel from Koerbecke's complicated altarpiece from Marienfeld or the greater part of Derick Baegert's big altarpiece from Wesel, which was chopped up in England and piously reassembled for the most part in this collection. Only one fragment is in the exhibition; but this is enough to show what a tremendous affair this altarpiece must have been, how rich in colour and passionate in expression German painting can be.

Of the later fifteenth century, when one can speak confidently of Renaissance painting in Germany, the collection abounds in fine panels. Here are seven by Cranach, from which we should all probably choose that 'Nymph reclining by a Spring'. Its sportsman's dream of a landscape is more original than the elegantly modelled figure, which could have been influenced by Giorgione's 'Venus', though that was not yet at Dresden in Cranach's day. But the figure and landscape are wonderfully in harmony, and the harmony is a good sample of Cranach's typically German

spiciness. Even at this late day, when Giorgione was dead, and even though Cranach's nymph is modelled very much in the round, the rather mechanical quality of his painting and its limited colour remind us that wood-engraving had long been the great popular art of Germany, which supplied it to all Europe. Dürer's 'Child Jesus among the Doctors', which is dated 1506, reminds us of this even more, though it was painted in Venice, where Dürer knew Giovanni Bellini and visited his studio. He was influenced, in painting this strange picture, by one of the same subject, now in Warsaw, painted by Bellini's most unwavering disciple, Cima. Unfortunately even then Leonardo's caricature drawings could not be kept from intruding into the picture so that it is rather a medley. But it is an extremely powerful picture, and the parts of it are fascinating for all their nastiness.

However, there is one German picture here which, though its author was also one of the greatest engravers, is a real painting: Altdorfer's 'Portrait of a Woman'. This was painted about 1520. The curtain which forms her background is emerald green; her skirt scarlet; her blouse, with its large frilly cuffs, white; the velvet which makes a wide border round the sleeves of her jacket and the top and front of its bodice, is black. These are sharp contrasts. How harsh they might have been with even Cranach or Baldung! But they are turned from mere contrast into harmony, into a most original harmony, by the body colour of the jacket, a greenish-blue shot with a yellowish-pink. This and the creamy colour of the head-dress covering all but her face bring comfortably into what could have been an uncompromising scheme the subtle colour of the head and hands.

She is intriguing, this newly married or newly engaged young lady with the long thin curly lips and the puggy nose and eyes; and, as a piece of modelling, one could ask for nothing more fascinating. From the top of her cap to where she disappears into the base of the frame, she is one form, complicated but wonderfully rhythmical. This is not only painting, in the full sense of the word, it is sculpture. It has all the things Henry Moore has taught us to look for. Look how Altdorfer contrasts the plump solid little hand with the hollow fragile shell of the cuff it emerges from and that again with the wider hollow of the heavy end to the sleeve! What fascination there is in the hole, through which one sees the glowing background, between

the elbow and the waist, where the smooth bodice is pulled in and the pleated skirt comes bulging out, billowing over her hundred petticoats. But these are only details, parts of a part. To take a larger part, look at the two sets of cuffs and the two hands joined between them, with the wonderfully live and complex structure it all makes, in the round, set off by the simple radiating structure of the skirt with its folds flowing down behind them. It is full of cunning relationships, this picture, between form and form. How the bold shape of the head-dress at the top is echoed by the knob of the chin below!

I have spent too long over this picture. But it is something we have not got in the National Gallery at all: a picture by Altdorfer, in whom the German genius is fundamentally at one with the greatest masters of the European tradition. This is Altdorfer's only known portrait—at least the only surviving one. There are few of his pictures altogether. But two of these are pure landscapes, and I think the earliest pure landscapes painted as easel pictures. Altdorfer is a very significant painter.

Those two little portraits by Holbein the Elder, who was some twenty years older than Altdorfer, show what good portraitists there were in Germany; but the portrait which dominates his room is by his son. Holbein the Younger's 'Henry VIII' is the greatest of all royal portraits. There is no orb or sceptre here, no throne, no charger, no gentleman-in-waiting. This is absolute authority entirely personified, a force which cannot be challenged. Take away the cloth of gold and silver, the sable and the ostrich feather, the gold and the rubies, and one might wonder about the extent of the authority; but it would still be absolute. In fact Holbein has left us in no doubt of Henry's kingship by the archaic quality deliberately given to the picture.

This royal-blue background was already old-fashioned; more so still the enamelled paint and the gold ornaments, and more again the four-square simplicity of the whole thing: the bluntly vertical neck and cheek, all in one line, the horizontal shoulder, the parallel horizontal of the arm and hand, again all in one line. These all suggest something more firmly established than any one man can be. In 1957 'Henry VIII' came to stay at the National Gallery for a few weeks and was installed beside Holbein's 'Ambassadors': a panel less than a foot high beside a panel nearly seven feet square. I had always looked up to those Ambassadors, with their rich paraphernalia and their double authority, of church and state. But on the King's appearance they became obsequious flunkies. I had never quite taken in before the degree of Holbein's insight or the skill and precision with which he could create a psychological effect.

I put the German pictures first because these are particularly valuable in the National Gallery. We have so shockingly few German pictures. But there is an earlier portrait which demands attention: Rogier van der Weyden's 'Man in Black'. This was painted about the middle of the fifteenth century and so is among the earliest of portraits, very different from the profiles which were then usual in Italy. Van Eyck and Campin and van der Weyden were the first portraitists to show the whole man. In this Rogier shows as much as possible not only of the head but of the man himself. Since I first saw it I have never been able to forget this face. A whole life is recorded with poetical sympathy, with a sensitivity to character, with a breadth

and refinement of art which were never to be surpassed.

Earlier than the German portraits, too is the half-Venetian, half-Roman portrait-group, Sebastiano del Piombo's 'Cardinal Ferry Carondelet with his Secretaries'; and this shows how rapidly Italian portraiture had developed after the first impulse had come to Venice from the Netherlands. Indeed this is something that might have inspired Holbein's more complex portraits, with its turkey carpet and its writing equipment spread over the table which leads into the picture space, and its general air of scholarly business. It was painted soon after Sebastiano had arrived from Venice and perhaps from collaboration with Giorgione, who had not long been dead. Venice traded with the whole world, and the Venetian portrait-painters, like the Venetian diplomats, had an unrivalled knowledge of men. It was in the Veneto, too, that Castiglione's ideal courtier was conceived, the man who always had a sonnet nearing completion in his head, a love in his heart, and culture at his finger-tips. All these things are summed up in this portrait-group, with a richness of atmosphere that Sebastiano had brought from Venice and a classical dignity and completeness that remind us of Raphael, who was already at work in the Vatican. This was painted before Raphael's famous portrait in the Pitti Palace of 'Pope Leo X with two Cardinals'. That is perhaps a more powerful group, better integrated into a more powerful design. This, with its outdoor lighting and its delicious Giorgionesque landscape, is a more poetical representation of Renaissance culture at its height.

But this wonderful exhibition is not only of portraits. It has religious pictures by van Eyck and Daret and van der Weyden, the very founders of the Netherlandish School; by Fra Angelico and Uccello; by the Venetians Bellini and Titian and Veronese; by Zurbaran and Greco from Spain; there are pagan pictures by Tintoretto and Tiepolo and Fragonard, not to mention Dutch landscapes and still lifes from Spain, Holland, and France.

My own favourite picture is Titian's 'St. Jerome'. Titian has not quite the sympathy of Rembrandt with man and his fate. He had not quite the same sculptural power to evoke the human soul and its clothing of flesh and blood out of the shadows. But no artist

can place man as he did in the environment of nature, can render so richly the whole varied world of sensation of which man is the centre. The story of this picture of Titian's really begins with 'The Agony in the Garden' in the National Gallery by Giovanni Bellini, that complicated, detailed, extensive landscape, full of little figures, in which for the first time perhaps in painting the mood of nature and the agony of man are brought into compelling harmony. Here is the other end of the story, painted about a century later by a man who knew Bellini and grew up among his works. The theme is fundamentally the same and in the interval what a wonderful art Titian has made of painting! This picture of the spirit of man naked among the rocks is sheer painting; it is all texture. Or is it all colour? Or is it all light and shade? Or is it all form? It is all these things dissolved into one grandiose sensibility. This is a self-portrait, more or less, for Titian was just such a fine-looking old man as this, and the darkness was indeed closing round him in the loneliness of extreme old age.

A private collection like this has never been seen before in the National Gallery, and may never be again.—*Third Programme*



'St. Jerome in the Wilderness', by Titian (c. 1487-1576)

Campus and Quad

By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

BERKELEY, California, is a university city across the bay from San Francisco. The campus is built on a hillside; behind it the hills soar up and up, covered with houses each designed, if humanly possible, to get a view of the bay: of Oakland Bridge, like a dinosaur: the Golden Gate, rust-red, sparkling against a pale sky and a sea like milk with blue ink in it. The total effect is something like an enormous auditorium in a theatre, with a premium on the gallery seats.

A Great University

The University of California at Berkeley is one of the great universities of the world, and certainly one of the most enormous. There are at present 21,500 students, undergraduate and post-graduate, and about 2,500 faculty members. In five years' time this number will have increased by about 15 per cent. My husband and I spent three months there last autumn, and our first feeling was one of bewilderment. In the brilliant sunlight the campus looked like some convocation of all nations on the Day of Judgment, with a correct proportion of Asians to the total whole. Beautiful weather, never too hot, never too cold. Young men and women swarming in and out of the white buildings, swarming all over the streets of down-town Berkeley. Within the faculty eight Nobel prizewinners and a dozen more potential ones. The whole thing big, splendid, unmalleable.

My husband had been invited for a semester as Regent's Professor in the English Department. I was there with daughter, aged sixteen, and younger son, aged eight. I had to put them to school and then get to work—my own work, writing, with some university work thrown in.

So we started with an all-round educational problem: how, as it were, to teach, and how to get taught. The first difficulty was Philip. He had been to a London pre-prep school, which meant that he had already done a year and a half's French and a year's Latin. He likes work—something I always find surprising. He would have hated to cool his heels in an ordinary American primary school, where many of his age-group would not even be reading fluently yet.

However, I heard of a school that might do for him. This is a very odd school indeed, called the 3R, which attempts to give children who want it and can cope with it an old-fashioned European gymnasium-type education. It was started on a shoestring by three remarkable men some years ago. It began with twenty pupils. It now has about 370, and is proliferating all over the Bay area. The 3R school has no facilities for organized games, so all the children get in that way is a little P.T. Most of the teachers are dedicated women of middle-age, who like teaching seriously to acceptant children.

No Age-group Orthodoxy

There is no age-group orthodoxy here, and the results are bizarre. I went along one day to see Philip sitting in his French class with four boys and a girl; three of his classmates were from between sixteen and eighteen years of age, the fourth was a graduate student brushing up his French. All were enormous handsome Californians who looked, in comparison with Philip, nine feet high. I asked him how he liked it. He replied that they were all so *kind* to him (I think they treated him as a sort of mascot, or regimental goat) but that he had one complaint. 'You know', he said, 'that I like to fight. I try to pick a fight in the lunch-hour with my age-group. Then my classmates *will* come along and rescue me. I've never finished a fight yet'.

He was certainly happy. 'They're more kind to you in school in America', he said, 'they don't get so cross'. This, I think, is true, not only of Philip's curious place of learning, but all over the country. My view is that a compromise should be reached

between our two countries; if we were a little less rough, taught a little less intensively and had a wider spread to our education; and if the Americans were a fraction less tender but taught a good deal more intensively to a larger number of really receptive children, then we should not have so much difficulty in the exchange of pupils as we do now. For an American eight-year-old who starts school in England is going to be a good year behind the others; and an English boy of the same age who starts at the average school in America is going to feel seriously held back. This is obviously true of children from English paying schools; but I think it would be rather marked in children from our state schools too.

I wanted to send my daughter to Berkeley High School, but my American friends all said no. They felt she was rather too old to adjust herself easily to the life; she would feel, they said, a stranger in too many ways. They may have been right; I don't know. Anyway, I sent her to an excellent girls' private school in Berkeley which she greeted at first with sheer dismay. 'This', she said, 'is simply a home from home'. She denounced her school uniform (a neat and harmless one) as something out of *Jane Eyre*, and nearly wept when required to wear socks. Adjustment was far less easy for her than for Philip, because she was emotionally prepared for change, and not for continuity.

Gentleness and Good Humour

But soon she began to enjoy herself. The standard of the school was pretty high—something below St. Paul's Girls' School or North London Collegiate, but not so very much so: a year behind—something like that; and then, not in all subjects. The literature and history teaching were conspicuously good. And she, like Philip, commented on the gentleness, the good humour, the lack of rigidity. When she did not work properly she was told about it; but not made to feel that she was damned, thrust for ever out of the many mansions of the scholastic heaven, which are called Somerville or Lady Margaret, or Newnham or Girton. In fact, had she stayed in America she would have gone automatically to college; higher education for girls in the undergraduate stage is not too demanding in America, I admit—but then, I insist, far more girls are decently educated. We are educating a tiny élite, and we do it professionally. The Americans are educating an enormous number, not as well. But they are doing it; and we are not.

So much for my children. What we ourselves did was to try to see as many students as possible. We offered a course to English students on how novels are written—not on 'How You Should Write Novels', since I deeply suspect the value of teaching 'Creative Writing'; and we kept open house twice a week for students in all departments. The entertainment we offered was perhaps a trifle perfunctory—beer or soft drinks; and use your own can-opener. The rest was talk. Talk about anything that arose; politics—the Presidential campaign was in full swing, which was exciting!—literature, science, theories of education, current campus excitements, and so forth.

Nothing was so valuable to us as those open-house evenings. We found out a good deal about American education and its results. I should say at once I had little contact with the state school system; my conclusions are based on the products of the universities. First of all, the American freshman is far less well prepared than our own. His range of general interest will be much wider; but he will not be nearly so well trained in his own subject. However, he is setting out on a four-year course. By the time he reaches post graduate level he will have caught up with his English counterpart.

Second, I think the Americans are making a far more manful attempt than we are to bridge the gap between the humanist and scientific cultures. No matter what topics came up, talk was

always surprisingly general. The best remarks in the field of English literature that I heard on that campus came from an engineering student; the most interesting on research into space, from an English graduate.

Third, I found the young women far more shy, far more silent, than the men, exactly as they would be in the same circumstances in this country. I do not know why this should happen, and I deplore it; but the fact is there. That is on their debit side and also on ours.

But, fourth, I was delighted by the good, easy, and lively manners of our visitors. It is said that American children are hideously undisciplined, rude, damnably conspicuous when they ought to be seen and not heard. Maybe the children of faculty members (of whom I saw most) are kept on a tighter rein. Dons, after all, of whatever country, need to have a little peace and quiet in which to think. But I did not see nearly so much of this brashness as I had expected. Undoubtedly parental discipline is not as strict as the norm here, and undoubtedly school discipline is, by our standards, not much more than a joke. It astonished me to see pupils in Philip's class delaying the lesson by at least ten minutes while they joked and chopped logic with an amiable teacher. But I think the principle of 'gentleness' tends to produce something good later on: which is, young men who are not choked by shyness or incapable of making an independent contribution to the social scene. They know they will not have their heads bitten off; their heads never have been bitten off, even when, perhaps in earlier years, they profitably might have been. So they are not afraid. They do not gulp, they do not go pink, they do not mutter inside the necks of their sweaters. On the whole they are, as a recent Soviet visitor to Harvard remarked to me, having heard a question period after a public lecture, 'good young men—they have good hearts, they talk like good young men everywhere'.

Let me now admit two things. I have given the rosier side of



A lecture at the University of California, Berkeley

the picture of American education. But this is because, when I started to have a look, all my prejudices were against it. I could not see the point of producing millions and millions of what I supposed to be the half-baked. That is, I was all ready with the facile and unknowledgeable jeer. I now think that even if 'half-baked' were a fair designation (which, for the average product of liberal arts college and university it is not), it is far better to have millions educationally half-baked than not baked at all.

Now let me admit a stronger criticism. My doubts about American education are concerned with a far earlier age-group. I cannot see the smallest reason why formal instruction in reading should not begin at the age of six, or even earlier. Nearly all children are ready for it. Nearly all children feel a sense of intense liberation when they can begin to finish a story for themselves, without waiting for the aid of reluctant or too-busy adults.

Much of infant education in America has been bedevilled by the concept that no child will learn for learning's sake but has to be *cheated* into work by means of play; I think it has been worse bedevilled by the American concept of a democracy of brain-power. There is no such thing. Say that one child is naturally brighter than another, and more fascinated by learning. To hold him back, while another child, who may be manually gifted but short on concentrated intelligence, laboriously tries to catch up, is not only crazy but thoroughly destructive. Too many American educators brush the genetic factor aside as if it simply did not exist.

We have much to give each other. The English have no monopoly of brains, and for an American boy to come here and find he is miles behind his English age-group is maddening for him and for us; and, furthermore, need never have happened. He will probably be far more socially accomplished than his English counterpart; there is no reason why he should not be as accomplished academically. And there is no reason why our children, going to American schools, should not be as easy-mannered, as cheerful, as attuned to society, as the children the 'gentleness' of American educational methods has undoubtedly succeeded in breeding.

—Home Service



Reading to a group of young pupils in a Californian school

Why Did Machiavelli Write 'The Prince'?

By JOHN HALE

IT must infuriate the shade of Machiavelli to see that he is still remembered mainly as the author of *The Prince*. It was his first serious work, and his shortest. It was not published in his lifetime and it is possible that it was not even properly finished. He went on to write a shelf-full of other works: on war, on politics; poems and plays; a history of Florence. The political book—the *Discourses on Livy*—was discussed as he wrote it by a circle of distinguished friends and literati. *The Art of War* was seen carefully through the press by its author. The plays were performed with great public success. The history was formally presented to its patron. But because *The Prince* was so brief, so brilliantly written, so extreme in its views, and because it broke up into quotations almost as readily as *Hamlet*, Machiavelli was doomed to be best known by his most impulsive, least publicized work.

The Prince has been the subject of mountainous commentary. Yet its precise nature has not proved easy to define. It contains too much that is exhortatory to be called simply a treatise on princedoms. It contains too much pure analysis of different kinds of state for it to be called simply a book on how to rule. It is instinct with a tone of I-know-best and is prefaced by a direct request for employment, yet it is too generalized, and too abstract to be a straightforward self-recommendation. As far as its tone is concerned, it has been taken on the one hand as a confession of faith, and on the other it has been interpreted, and recently, as a satire. For more than three centuries men have asked 'What is *The Prince*?' without finding a satisfactory answer. It might be useful to ask instead 'Why did Machiavelli write it?'

Dismissal and Retirement

We know when the bulk of it was written, and in what circumstances. We know because he wrote about it in a letter to his friend Francesco Vettori, probably the most famous letter ever written by an Italian. In 1512 there had been a change of government in Florence. Machiavelli was dismissed from an office which had placed him at the heart of the administration of the state's diplomatic and military affairs, and he was forbidden for a year to leave Florentine territory, in case he should try to intrigue with his exiled chief, Piero Soderini. Worse still, he had, quite innocently, become involved in a plot to murder the new lords of Florence, and had been imprisoned and tortured. After his release in March 1513 he retired to his small farm at Sant' Andrea in Percussina, a few miles south of Florence.

He wrote the letter about *The Prince* on December 10 of that year. He began by describing how he rose with the sun and walked about his small property with a book under his arm, chatting to the workmen he was employing. Then he portrayed himself at the local inn, playing cards and dice for small stakes with the local rustics. Then the mood changes:

When evening comes, I return home and go into my study. On the threshold I strip off the muddy, sweaty clothes of everyday, and put on the robes of court and palace, and in this graver dress I enter the antique courts of the ancients and am welcomed by them, and there I taste the food that alone is mine, and for which I was born. And there I make bold to speak to them and ask the motives of their actions, and they, in their humanity, reply to me. And for the space of four hours I forget the world, remember no vexation, fear poverty no more, tremble no more at death; I pass indeed into their world. And as Dante says that there can be no understanding without the memory retaining what it has heard, I have written down what I have gained from their conversation, and composed a small work DE PRINCIPATIBUS, where I dive as deep as I can into ideas about this subject, discussing the nature of princely rule, what forms it takes, how these are acquired, how they are maintained, why they are lost.

This famous and beautiful letter, the prop and stay of every writer on *The Prince*, cannot, alas, be taken too literally. Machiavelli

was not only a political thinker. He was a man of letters, playful, fanciful, and stylist enough to make his fancy sound real. Some years before, in answer to a correspondent's description of a successful love affair, Machiavelli had described a ludicrous and horrifically squalid one of his own. Was that distorting echo based on an actual event, or was it purely fictitious? We do not know. In 1514, as echo to an account by Vettori of another love affair, he once more described an infatuation of his own. 'I must, as you did me', he wrote, 'tell you how this love began', and he went on to describe feelings and circumstances which may have been true or not, or partly true; there is no way of telling.

Two Typical Days

In the same way, this letter of December 1513 is an echo. It echoes one in which Vettori had described a typical day in his life as Florentine ambassador in Rome. He rose late, in the capital—and Machiavelli rose at dawn, in the country; he went off to the Vatican and talked to officials and diplomats and the Pope himself—and Machiavelli went off to a spinney and talked to the woodcutters; he spent the middle of the day with the Cardinal de' Medici—and Machiavelli with the butcher and baker. Only at night did their lives run parallel. Vettori settled down to read from his library of ancient historians, and so did Machiavelli. So how far is this letter true, and how far is it a wry device for pointing out how much the paths of the two men had diverged since they represented Florence together at the court of the Emperor Maximilian?

We do not know. Certainly, a glance at *The Prince* shows that he was exaggerating the role played by his conversations with the ancients, for while there are plenty of classical ideas and references in the book, its vital lessons are taken from the contemporary world. But however inaccurate in its details, the letter strikingly suggests his boredom with an involuntary seclusion in the country, boredom and envy of Vettori's metropolitan life, his contact with affairs and with the men who manipulate them.

Before his dismissal Machiavelli had led an enthrallingly busy life. He had been sent on diplomatic missions to the king of France, the Pope, the Emperor, he had spent months in the company of Cesare Borgia. He had been entrusted with raising a militia force for Florence, and he had played an important part in the long-drawn-out attempt of Florence to take the rebel port of Pisa. When Pisa fell at last it was said—at least his friends said it—that the victory was largely due to Machiavelli.

Always Looking for General Principles

He found this official life extremely stimulating. He was a man of great nervous energy. He was ambitious, he enjoyed responsibility and power. He also had a strong streak of the academic in his nature, and he looked on politics not only as an activity but as a subject. During the day to day business of negotiation and correspondence he was always looking for the general principles that underlay political behaviour. As he became more experienced so he became more confident, and when dismissal came at the age of forty-three, he was at the height of his conviction that he was of real value to the state. He tried to stay in office. On the eve of his fall he wrote letters of advice to the Medici. He sued to them from prison; he lived for the next two years in the constant hope that they would employ him. It is true they stood for a different sort of state, more autocratic, less independent than the one he had served before, but this was unimportant in the light of his impatience to have his advice listened to, and his value recognized.

Without a job he was comparatively poor, and he had a large family on his hands. Restless and depressed, he could see no other way of returning to active life save through the patronage of the Medici. He wrote Vettori letters about the current political scene

in the hope that the ambassador would bring them to the attention of the Medici pope, Leo X. But it was soon clear that Vettori was merely embarrassed by this responsibility and that Machiavelli would have to call attention to himself directly. The only way he could do this was through a book. The independence of the states of Italy was threatened by France, Germany, the Swiss and Spain. In the hour of crisis, what was needed was a leader who, by ruthless negotiation and backed by a well-trained and loyal army, would present a front too strong to be attacked. A book describing such a man, written by an author who had pioneered such an army—surely this might tempt the Medici, the natural leaders in Italy, to recognize his quality and bring him back into government service?

The letter of December 10 plays down this purpose of *The Prince*, implying that it only occurred to him after the book had been written that it might be useful as a testimonial. But he was perhaps shy of continuing to expose the nakedness of his longing for employment to Vettori and, besides, we have seen that this letter cannot be accepted too literally. Though Machiavelli wrote primarily to demonstrate his familiarity with the origin and nature of rule by princes and the values and policies needed at that particular time, the book in fact reflected the whole complex of his interests. It reflected, for instance, his passionate belief in the power of history to teach. His dispatches and reports had shown him to be a treatise-writer *in posse*, and *The Prince* is an

extension of this vein. To this donnish mood, which led him to analyse, to categorize, to compare, was joined a not wholly responsible love of effect, a desire to tease, to surprise and shock.

As far as subject-matter is concerned, his first passionate love was for Florence, and he believed that its constitution should be as broadly republican as possible. But his official work had kept him in touch with war and foreign policy, and he wrote in the fear that Italians would no longer retain enough independence to let them settle their own destinies; he was more concerned for a strong control in Italy than for a free constitution in Florence. Finally, it shows him imagining himself as, if not a prince, at least the confidant of princes, going out of his way to point out that he understood very well that they could not afford to be bound by the cautious morality of private life.

On several occasions Machiavelli said that he was taking up his pen in order to work off a feeling of oppression and despair. He was feeling oppressed and frustrated in 1513, and, moreover, his sense of mission, his vanity, and his sheer need called for employment. That is why he wrote *The Prince*. And that is why, in subject-matter and in mood, it was complicated by a conflict between his fascination with the subject for its own sake and his desire to sell himself. And that is why *The Prince*, the only one of his books written to satisfy an urgent need, is—if we ask, not what? but why?—the most movingly autobiographical of his works.—*Third Programme*

Three Poems

The Unfulfilled

It was love only that we knew
At first. We did not dispossess
Each other of the total view
That is quite blurred when passions pass.
I felt myself, acknowledged you.

When did desire enter and
Confuse the sweetness, heat the blood?
On meeting we could understand,
Wordless, each other's every mood.
Where does love start and friendship end?

Impediments have set apart
The impulse from fruition. We,
Who have no compass but the heart,
Must learn an immaturity,
Though all the later passions hurt.

By acts of will we now must find
Each other as we were at first,
Unthwarted then and unconfined.
Yes, but I have an aching thirst
That can't be quenched by a cool mind.

We must stand side by side and live
As if the past were still to come.
It is our needs we need to give
And fashion from their anguish some
Love that has no wish to deceive
But rests contented, being dumb.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Boy and Grasses

That boy there, at the edge of the long grasses,
Trackless, figured with buttercup, unified by a solitary wind,
Grasps reality with fists full of cocksfoot and Yorkshire fog.
Then, with no backward glance to the safe house,

Sheds imprisoning clothes like a winding-sheet,
Parts the jungle with swimmer's hands, steps
Through winged air into thick growth;
A grasshopper leaps across his shadowed arm,
A snail, shaken from toppling perch,
Drops soundlessly into perilous dark;
The boy gives his weight to the bending green,
Wades on into the sea of full discovery,
Remembering no past, contemplating no future time;
Yet the buried heart at Uji did not break for him in vain,
Nor shall the split atom speak only in curses for his generation.

He is gone, out of sight now;
Hidden by a humming forest of stems and seeds,
The world of his present engulfs him.
Stay, child, in safety there, until
The loved voice at the window points the way home
And you walk back, changeling of time, to be fettered again.

LEONARD CLARK

For Albert Camus

(died January, 1960)

I'm still alive Caligula
shrieks between stabs because he knows
to live is sin enough and triumph
over the pricks of each of those
justicers except the last

while death's respectable and war
renders all fairer than love can
you may prefer the statesmanlike
approach to living but a man
may not have time to learn to die

cars crash Renoir tied brushes to
his wrist my entrails say it's spring
there will be time to pray from stone
lips to deaf heaven but this thing
I do not ask forgiveness for

OLIVER BERNARD

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

April 12-18

Wednesday, April 12

Scientists and statesmen all over the world pay tribute to Major Yuri Gagarin's successful journey into space and back

Proposal by Opposition to raise minimum age for death penalty from eighteen to twenty-one is defeated in Commons

President Kennedy and Dr. Adenauer, Federal German Chancellor, confer in Washington

Thursday, April 13

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons about his meeting with President Kennedy in Washington

Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn's request to plead his case (for rejecting his title as Lord Stansgate) before the House of Commons is rejected by 221 to 152 votes

At least twelve Europeans are reported to have been killed by terrorists in the Portuguese colony of Angola, West Africa

Friday, April 14

Official welcome given in Moscow to Major Yuri Gagarin is seen on television throughout western Europe (see page 714)

The Football League rejects new transfer system for players; the decision is described by the Professional Footballers' Association as 'a repudiation' of the agreement reached last January

Saturday, April 15

Three military bases in Cuba are bombed from the air: seven people are reported killed and forty-nine injured. A Cuban pilot states, after landing in Florida, that he and two others raided bases as part of a plan to escape from Cuba

Dr. Israel Beer, a leading Israeli military expert, is arrested in Tel Aviv on charge of spying

Sunday, April 16

General election takes place in Poland

Results of County Council Elections, held during week, show a swing towards the Conservatives; Conservatives win control of Middlesex, Lancashire and Essex, but Labour retains control of London

Monday, April 17

The Budget: Chancellor seeks powers to impose a payroll tax and to vary indirect taxes; the surtax limit to be raised from 1963

Dr. Fidel Castro confirms that rebel forces have invaded Cuba

A state of emergency is proclaimed in Ceylon and the Tamil Federal Party is proscribed

Tuesday, April 18

In a message to President Kennedy Mr. Khrushchev urges him to put an end to what he calls 'the aggression against Cuba'

Mr. Harold Wilson opens the Commons' debate on the Budget on behalf of the Opposition

Two people are killed and over forty injured in a train derailment near Basildon, Essex



Man's first flight into space: Major Yuri Gagarin, wearing space-suit and helmet, waving goodbye on April 12 lift that took him up to the nose of the rocket. 'The cosmonaut', who is twenty-seven, circled the earth at a speed of 17,800 m.p.h. an hour before landing safely in Russia



A sculptured group by the late Sir Jacob Epstein after being set up in its permanent position last week at the entrance to Hyde Park (outside the Bowater building in Knightsbridge). The sculpture is a gift to the nation by Sir Jacob's son, Sir John Samuels, the property dealer



Mr. Harold Macmillan, surrounded by visitors, walking in the grounds of his home, Birch Grove House, Sussex, last Sunday when he opened it to the public in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing



Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Chancellor of the Exchequer, holds up his dispatch box as he leaves the Treasury on April 17 to present his Budget to the Commons



Mr. Einar Forseth, the Swedish artist, looking at his cartoons for the windows of the Lady Chapel of Coventry Cathedral; they depict the activities of early English and Swedish missionaries. Mr. Forseth has designed a mosaic floor for the Cathedral's Chapel of Unity which is now being made in London



The winning goal that last Monday secured the championship of the Football League for Tottenham Hotspur when they beat Sheffield Wednesday at White Hart Lane, London, 2-1. Tottenham meet Leicester in the Cup Final on May 6



Right: gathering tulips near Spalding, Lincolnshire, last week

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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Secondary Modern School

Sir,—A good deal of Mr. Spolton's criticism (THE LISTENER, April 6) of my talk on the secondary modern school (THE LISTENER, March 30) would not seem to be directed towards what I actually said, but towards what he thinks I said, what he feels I should have said, and what he fears I might have said. As to the first, I did not say that the course titles I listed are little more than new names for the old metalwork, woodwork, and domestic science, but merely entered a cautionary note by suggesting that *some* might be thus described. Nor did I state that it has become fashionable to decry the American high school—it was a certain type of high school *option* to which I referred. As to the second, twenty minutes does impose certain limitations, but I cannot see how anything to which your correspondents have drawn attention affects the validity of my fundamental contention that today's concept of the secondary modern school is very different from that of fifteen years ago, and that we are now very much more socially realistic in our educational thinking than in the past. Mr. Spolton's third line of criticism hardly requires comment.

Both your correspondents refer to external examinations as only affecting a minority. While this is certainly true of G.C.E.—although an increase from 16,000 modern school candidates in 1959 to nearly 22,000 in 1960 is striking enough—it is a less obvious truth if all the other local, regional, and national examinations that have some measure of external assessment are taken into account. We do not know at the present time how many pupils are in fact involved, but, taking the country as a whole, it might even be a majority of the age groups concerned.

Mr. Scott (THE LISTENER, April 13) makes a number of general criticisms of examinations, but 'the evils of the almost universal eleven-plus examination' and the possible evils of G.C.E. and other secondary school external examinations surely require separate analysis. I know of no secondary modern schools which are, in Mr. Scott's phrase, 'obsessed by examinations', nor, unfortunately, of many which carry out fully all the excellent types of work he lists in his letter, but, in my limited experience, I have found such work more characteristic of schools which do provide examination opportunities than of those which do not.

A more relevant and important question is raised by Mr. Scott's assertion that modern school pupils are entered for external examinations 'in the main, because they have proved themselves intellectually able enough to succeed'. At the present time, candidature for the G.C.E. requires spending an additional 'voluntary' year at school, and this would also be required if the *Beloe* proposals are implemented. The difficulty here is that we do not know to what extent the children who stay on at school are socially as well as intellectually selected. It would seem likely that there are some

children from unskilled and other backgrounds at present leaving school at fifteen who are more capable of profiting from the extended courses than some of those who actually undertake them. Raising the school leaving age to sixteen, in addition to its other advantages, might help to eliminate some of this wastage.

Yours, etc.,

Exeter

WILLIAM TAYLOR

The Scourge of Statistics

Sir,—The need to gather hard quantitative data about human affairs, and to employ it correctly as evidence, is far too great for Lord Elton's causerie to be allowed to pass unchallenged. Let us pick out two points where it is possible to come to grips with his views on 'The Scourge of Statistics' (THE LISTENER, April 13).

(1) He claims: 'Needless to say, I do not question the figures of the B.B.C. for listening-in . . .'. Yet elsewhere in the same talk he assures us: that 'some years ago a friend of mine who happened to be an exalted official of the B.B.C. told me that during the late war . . . a certain concert . . . was not broadcast. In spite of which, he said, the figures of those who had listened to it were duly returned, down to the last decimal point, among the B.B.C.'s daily statistics'.

It is a good story, and good stories are always welcome. But if, as it seems, we are also being asked to accept that what Lord Elton's exalted friend told him was actually true, and that this therefore provides a ground for sharing Lord Elton's 'profound mistrust of statistics', then we are surely entitled to ask for a little more detail, and for some corroboration.

(2) He argues: 'If . . . you wish . . . to prove that the abolition of capital punishment in this country will not encourage potential murderers, it will be highly irrelevant to point triumphantly, as is commonly done, to the demonstrable fact, if it is demonstrable, that the abolition of capital punishment in China or Peru was not in fact followed by an increase in the number of murders, unless and until you have exhaustively inquired into the respective histories, psychologies, and social structure of these lands, and satisfied yourself that the statistical phenomena on which you are relying were not due, partly or wholly, to an increase, let us say, in the police force, an improvement in education, or any of a dozen other possible contributory causes'.

This is a long sentence, and complicated. It is therefore likely that others besides Lord Elton may have failed to notice its curious and unpersuasive implications. Abolitionists usually bring up the experience of other countries in order to dispose of an intuitive conviction that the death penalty is necessary because peculiarly effective as a deterrent. Now if it is indeed found, as Lord Elton seems prepared at least temporarily to allow, that in none of the countries where the death penalty has already been abolished has there been any significant increase

in the number of murders, then those who wish to go on insisting that this penalty is nevertheless still necessary at least in British conditions as a deterrent are left with a choice of two moves, both fairly desperate.

Either they have to say that in each of the other countries concerned some cause or causes unknown happened to take effect at just the right time to offset that increase in murders which would otherwise have resulted from the improvident rejection of this great deterrent. Or else they have to say that the British are more murderously inclined, or perhaps just more frightened of death, than the others. Now of course either or both of these contentions may possibly be true. But, always granting the present assumption, to resort to the first would surely be to stretch the long arm of coincidence rather far. The second seems both gratuitously unflattering and somewhat incongruous with Lord Elton's well-known respect and affection for the British people.—Yours, etc.,

Keele

ANTONY FLEW

Bruckner and his Advocates

Sir,—Mr. Norman Suckling misquotes the sense of my programme note on Bruckner. I said that the quality *expressed* by Bruckner was patience, and that we could learn from this—not merely that patience is what is needed to listen to his music. That quality is indeed the one most necessary in contemplating the dogmatic and helplessly petulant statements of critics such as Messrs. Suckling and Myers. 'Bruckner is tedious'—'the tedium of Schubert'—alas!—Yours, etc.,

London, N.10

ROBERT SIMPSON

Sir,—To express an unfavourable opinion about the music of Bruckner (or any other composer) is one thing; to denigrate the motives of those who hold the opposite view is quite another. This is what Mr. Myers has done by suggesting that the advocates of Bruckner form a 'pressure group' prompted by a 'fashionable craze for everything Viennese' (THE LISTENER, March 16). Why should the advocates of Bruckner not be credited with liking this composer's work as genuinely as Mr. Myers (and others) dislike it? Mr. Myers's ungenerous suggestion is also absurd: in a large part of Europe (Germany, Holland, Austria, Switzerland) Bruckner has been regarded as a great master for several decades.

This fact alone, incidentally, surely more than justifies the B.B.C. in providing some opportunity for hearing Bruckner's music in this country; and one does not have to be an 'advocate of Bruckner' to regard Mr. Myers's protest about such performances as an instance of extreme intolerance.—Yours, etc.,

Twickenham

K. SINGER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Time in a Valley

DAVID LLOYD JAMES on the Dordogne

IT WAS A SMALL TOWN, quiet and obviously very old. Its shape, within the lines of its walls, was oddly symmetrical, a grid of parallel streets crossing each other at right angles; in the centre a beautiful arcaded square. It was in fact a town built by the English, for the English, in France. It was my first sight of Monpazier on a journey which allowed me to explore the whole length of the river Dordogne and its surroundings, and this enchanting town is one of the fascinating traces of history in which it is so rich. Monpazier is one of several fortified towns built by the English during the Hundred Years War which raged up and down the valley. All have the same design, and all, like many places which have once been scenes of violence, share an atmosphere of repose and tranquillity. As I walked through the streets past the weathered stone of the houses there was almost nothing to suggest the present, but there was nothing self-consciously preserved or restored either. This place has a character which is unique, and to see it is an experience to remember.

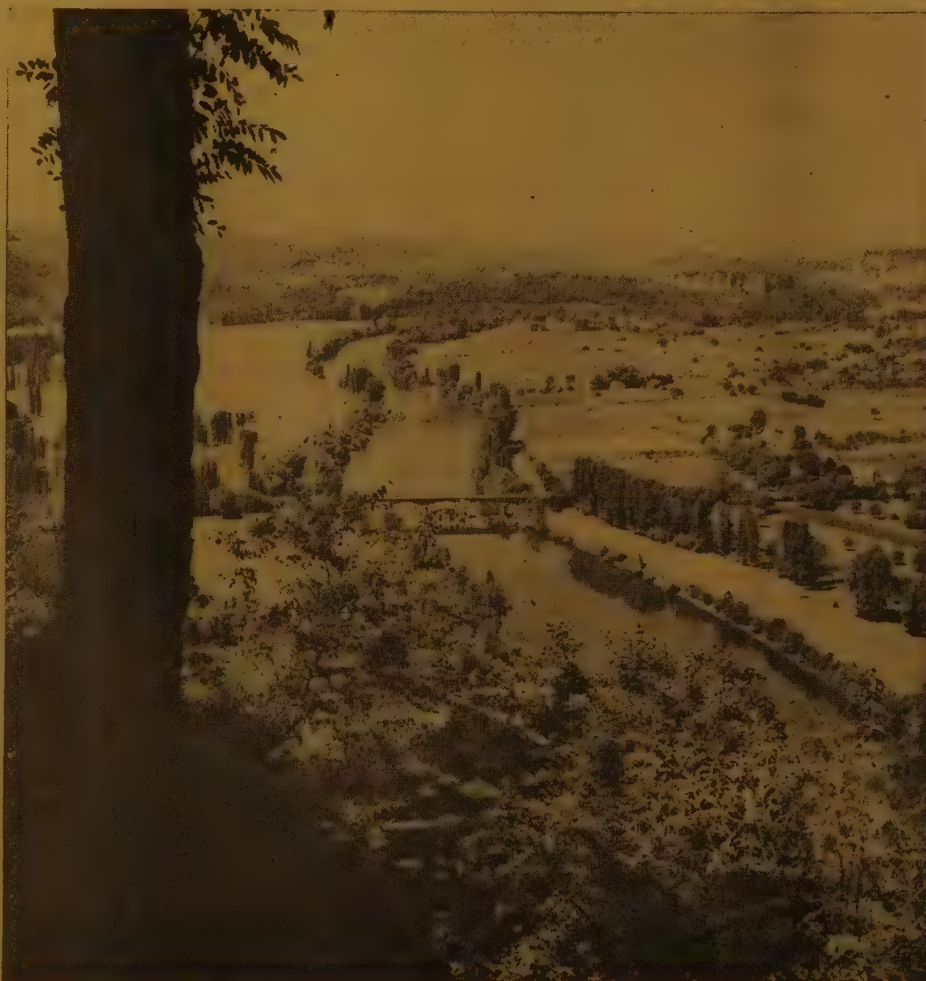
In fact that journey gave me much to remember, because the whole valley of the Dordogne is magic. The river rises in Auvergne, among the dead volcanoes of the Massif Central. This is bare mountain country, summer pasture for cattle, and their milk becomes the delicious cheeses Cantal, Bleu d'Auvergne, and Saint-Nectaire. Below these mountain slopes the river runs through a series of dams, each enclosing a hydro-electric power station. Then it passes through limestone country, and some of the landscapes here are magnificent, high limestone plateaux rising on either side. Finally it broadens and runs past vineyards, past Bergerac and Saint-Emilion, until it joins the Garonne to form the Gironde and runs out to sea past the land of claret.

There is great variety in this countryside, from the silent woods of the hills to the rich farming country of the lower valley. It is almost all beautiful. Parts of it are remarkably lonely. One warm April morning when I was trying to trace the source of some small tributary, I walked for two hours among wooded hills, past drifts of wild narcissus and occasional purple orchids, saw no one and heard nothing but cuckoos and nightingales.

The towns are small and unhurried. There are superb chateaux of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. There are churches which alone make the journey worth while, and some of the earlier ones are built in a Romanesque style which is peculiar to this part of the world. Their flat domes seem to imitate the churches of Byzantium and Syria, and they probably reflect the taste of returned Crusaders. Among the scrub oaks trained pigs dig up truffles which add their own flavour to the admirable local cooking. There are hedges of quince, walnut trees, strips of tobacco plants, freshwater crayfish (delicious!), buzzards, and great grey harriers which cross the fields with slow, lazy wing-beats. There is also southern sunlight.



The arcaded square of Monpazier



The Dordogne river near Domme

So it is not surprising that from the earliest times people should have found this a good part of the world to live in, and the first of them, thousands of years ago, made their homes in limestone caves which can still be seen. The village of Les Eyzies on the Vézère, which is a tributary of the Dordogne, has been the site of so many discoveries of the relics of these times that it can now claim the title of University of Pre-History. The village is, literally, built up against a limestone cliff. The first floor corridor of one of the hotels has for one side an irregular surface of bare rock. And it was in Les Eyzies in 1868 that archaeologists started work on a cave in the limestone which was locally called Cro-Magnon: in the language of the Languedoc that means 'a big hollow'. There they found skulls of a primitive, cave-dwelling race which was eventually given the name of the site, Cro-Magnon man.

I remember with particular enthusiasm a visit to a site some little way out of the village. We stopped the car and walked up a sloping field which climbed towards a wood. We did not seem to be going anywhere in particular. Then, as we approached the edge of the wood, we saw an outcrop of limestone and a green door. It was unlocked and

we stepped into a small cave. And there, on the ceiling, was a superb representation of a salmon carved thousands of years ago, obviously with skill and care but also with some sort of love. Not far away, the floor of a cave had been cut away to reveal levels of almost continuous habitation over a period of 20,000 years. In yet another cave the natural contours of the rock have been used with extraordinary ingenuity to make relief carvings of animals. From its entrance you can see a ruined medieval castle and a Renaissance chateau, still occupied.

But none of these sites can compare with the splendours of Lascaux, which lies a few miles further up the Vézère on a wooded hill above the town of Montignac. The cave was discovered accidentally by a group of boys in 1940, shortly after France had surrendered. I heard the story from one of them who is now a guide at the cave. They were out walking with a dog. The dog ran on ahead and disappeared down a hole which was partly covered by bushes. They heard it barking down below, and one of them managed to scramble down. The others followed and they found themselves in a cave. Somebody lit a match, and what they saw must have knocked the breath out of them. No drawing, no photograph can prepare you for the overwhelming experience of so many paintings, of such size and force and brilliance. There are bison, deer, horses, cattle. Some are larger than life-size. The colours—black, red, yellow—have been miraculously preserved by a coating of calcite which has formed during the ages to protect them with a transparent glaze.

Nowadays the cave is covered by buildings: it is air-conditioned and superbly lit: you are conducted through it in a party. But this museum atmosphere does nothing to take the edge off the shock you feel when you first step inside. You are told that the paintings are probably more than 20,000 years old, but figures as large as this have little meaning to a layman like myself. You can only be astonished that the people who left these memorials have vanished so completely, and you may even have the uncomfortable feeling that in some way time may be slipping backwards. This may sound fanciful, but it is the only way in which I can describe the awe which they inspire.

I have met many people who have seen Lascaux, but few who have visited another of the historic places of the Dordogne, the town of Saint-Emilion, one of the most enchanting small towns in France. It stands at the western end of the valley, on a little hill, lapped by a green tide of vineyards. Here are famous names—Chateau Ausone, Chateau Beauséjour, Clos Fourtet. Much of the town wall survives and the buildings inside seem to belong largely to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. There are towers and the ruined palace of a Cardinal. There is a curious church hewn out of a cliff by the disciples of Saint-Emilion, who lived here

in the eighth century. And there are charming steep narrow cobbled lanes which you manoeuvre with some care. I was staying in a very small hotel which faced one of these lanes and talking one day to the patron. 'D'you see those cobblestones?' he said. 'The odd thing is that they came all the way from England. They were brought here in the Middle Ages as ballast—in ships which went back to England with our wine'. It was another odd link with the past.

But the most interesting experience of that

the Romans. Then, in that deadly twilight, the tribes attacked, and the villa was destroyed by the Visigoths.

Conveniently, at any rate for archaeologists, they left their traces clearly enough. They used the remains of the walls for burials: you can see their bones, their skulls, their funerary urns. And in the little museum of treasures found on this site you can see a whole history of the succeeding centuries. Here is an Arab spur, a relic of that Moorish invasion which swept across

Spain and France until it was stemmed by Charles Martel near Poitiers in 732. Here are English coins lost or buried during the Hundred Years War. Here are scallop shells which were the emblems of pilgrims who passed this way on their long journey to the shrine of St. James of Compostela in Spain, and the flasks that they carried. And outside, the church which stands above the ruins of the Roman villa tells its own story. It was built about the time of the Norman Conquest on the ruins of an earlier church of the sixth century. It was damaged by the English during the Hundred Years War. It was overwhelmed in the sixteenth century during the Wars of Religion when Protestants fought Catholics. It has been restored with skill and devotion and you can see within it some of the capitals of the sixth century.

As I was leaving this haunted place my guide suggested that I should call on an Englishman who lived in a chateau not far away. I am glad I took her advice, since it led me to an experience which seemed to link the present and the past together in a remarkable way. The chateau was superb. Partly medieval, partly Renaissance, it stood, isolated, at the end of a ridge of hills, looking out across the valley of the Dordogne. The owner, a man of distinction, received me with the greatest kindness and took me on to a flowered terrace which commanded a superb view. 'I'll tell you about this place', he said. 'It was built as an English stronghold. There are the ruins of the walls. And down there'—he

pointed to the west—'is the field of Castillon, the last battle of the Hundred Years War. When what was left of the English retreated, they split into two groups. Some escaped to this fortress, and some to another which you can see over there, on the other side of the valley. But the French attacked again. They breached the walls, down there, and the last of the English slipped away, down to the river and the sea. That was in 1453. And now'—and he smiled—'it is once again in English hands'.—*Home Service*

Five more volumes have been published by Collins in the Fontana Library series of paper-backs. They are Sir Arthur Bryant's *Pepys: Vol. I. The Man in the Making* (7s. 6d.) and *Vol. II. The Years of Peril* (also 7s. 6d.); Martin Buber's *Between Man and Man*, translated and introduced by Professor Ronald Gregor Smith of Glasgow University (6s.); Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle* (6s.); and Walter Pater's *The Renaissance*, with an introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark (6s.).



The village of Les Eyzies, 'literally built up against a limestone cliff'

Photographs (including front cover): French Government Tourist Office

journey came my way on the following day when I left Saint-Emilion to go back along the valley to the east. I passed Castillon and its battlefield. This was the scene of the last battle of the Hundred Years War when the English were cut to pieces. And a little way beyond Castillon I came to the object of my journey, a village called Montcaret. Here a very old church, embodying traces of even earlier churches, was built among the remains of a Roman villa. There are fine mosaic floors and that emblem of civilized living, central heating. It was built at this point because a ford ran across the river. It was a meeting place for people travelling east-west along the river and those travelling north-south. For more than 400 years, from about 50 B.C., Roman citizens lived here, in one of the provinces of Gaul. Traces of their influence are still to be seen. The round tiles of some of the Montcaret roofs are of exactly the same design as those used by



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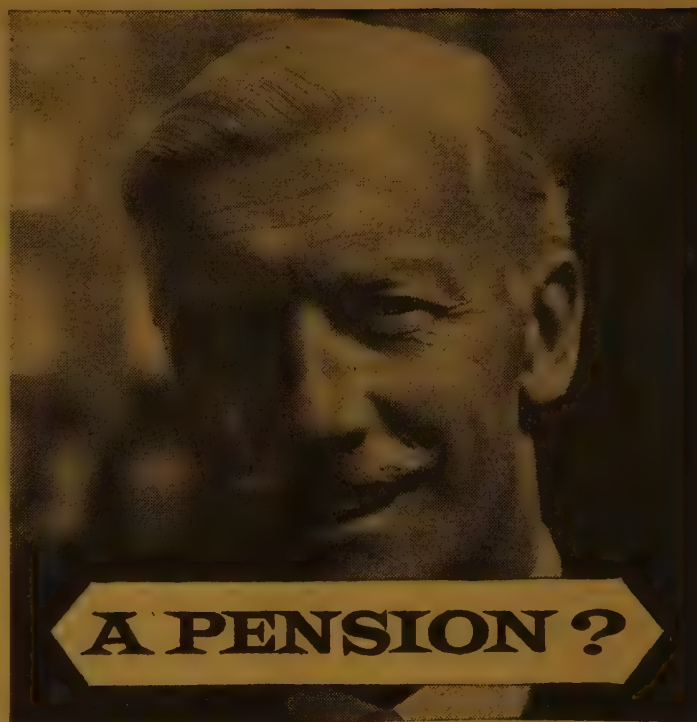
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Origins of the Second World War

By A. J. P. Taylor. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

MR. TAYLOR HAS PRODUCED an intensely readable analysis of the events leading to the war of 1939 as he chooses to present them. His ability to quote from diplomatic documents without getting bogged down in them, as others do, is masterly. His main proposition is stated on page 216. 'The blame for war can be put on Hitler's Nihilism instead of on the faults and failures of European statesmen—faults and failures which their public shared. Human blunders, however, usually do more to shape history than human wickedness. At any rate this is a rival dogma which is worth developing, if only as an academic exercise'. Mr. Taylor certainly performs very skilful gymnastics, but it is a little doubtful whether his exercise remains academic. Those whom he brands as misled by their eagerness to cry opprobrium never belittled the blunders as Mr. Taylor belittles the wickedness; indeed the blunders seemed greater against the background of the programme which is now denied to the innocent Hitler.

It is amusing to observe Mr. Taylor's use of the evidence. Often he says something which is said too seldom, that we shall never know the truth because evidence is lacking, but equally often the absence of evidence seems to prove 'the others' wrong. Work on the Nazi period is complicated by more than average likelihood that someone said or wrote what they did not mean—for instance, an anti-Nazi German diplomatist was often obliged to do so. But arbitrarily to decide that Hitler did not mean what he said, when every probability points to his literal veracity, will hardly do.

The evidence does not count when Mr. Taylor dislikes it. An admirable history recently published in Germany by Professor Bracher and two colleagues quotes from hitherto unrecorded speeches made by Hitler, one, for instance, on February 3, 1933, in which he made quite clear his intention to 'conquer new *Lebensraum* in the East and Germanize it ruthlessly'. Not only is such evidence brushed aside by Mr. Taylor; he goes further and claims his own insight into Hitler's mind. Hitler, we learn, was saddened by letting the South Tyrolese down, or, in the spring of 1939, when the German press took up the German minority in Poland for the first time since the Polish-German agreement of 1934, Hitler allowed this, 'to ease things along as he supposed'. How does Mr. Taylor know?

Finally it must be observed that Mr. Taylor's timing is arbitrary too. Chamberlain and Halifax had conversations with Mussolini and Ciano in Rome on January 11, 12, and 13, 1939. 'Immediately after the visit', writes Mr. Taylor, he (Mussolini) told the Germans that he was ready to conclude a formal alliance'. In fact Attolico, the Italian Ambassador to Germany, reached Berlin bearing Mussolini's letter to this effect on January 4. The chief mistake made by Chamberlain in Rome may well have been

to ask Mussolini about Hitler's possible designs upon the Ukraine. There is reason to suppose that Stalin heard of this question which nourished his suspicions of the West, otherwise so ably described by Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor's admirers will no doubt glory in this new display of 'originality of insight and liveliness of style', the criteria of fashion. There are some splendid 'cracks' in the book, for instance, about Papen: 'He had also been within an ace of being murdered during the purge of June 30, 1934, and was therefore uniquely qualified to persuade the Austrian rulers that Nazi murder attempts should not be taken seriously'—in spite of the murder of Dollfuss. It is nice to know that Mr. Taylor is steadfast in his homage to Dr. Schacht. Otherwise his new book is a virtuoso's display of impish inconsistency in the name of rationality.

Science and Government

By C. P. Snow. Oxford. 9s. 6d.

Here we go again, surely. The old cast—X, the Master, with the 'appearance, build and manner of the English professional class from which he sprang', Y, the Professor, 'quite un-English', the sadistic, eccentric vegetarian. Both, of course, aware by middle age that 'they were never going, by high standards, to make a success of pure science'. Rivals, inevitably, fighting in the close confines of committee rooms, and observed, during his frequent visits, by the insider-outsider who narrates it all. And the prize? The election of the new Research Fellow in Hydrocarbons? Or the Presidency of the new St. Winston's?

It is all very Cambridge, or at least the Cambridge we read about in Sir Charles's novels, with its curious obsession with 'the corridors of power' and its bitter personal vendettas. But no; the characters are Oxford men; the college is Whitehall; the combination room is the Athenaeum. What has happened? Has Sir Charles conquered a new fictional empire? Or were we in the real world all along? It is hard for a non-Cambridge, non-scientist, non-novelist to say.

But what can be said about *Science and Government* is that, it is, in the first place, highly readable and suggestive. There is certainly a lot to be said for a novelist's way with history. Secondly, that its theme is both important and neglected. With the war so well behind us, we ought not to have had to wait so long for this cautionary tale.

But one may also feel a certain regret that we have had, so to say, to eavesdrop on Sir Charles's story. Not because, as has absurdly been suggested, there is something 'unseemly' about washing this Whitehall linen in Massachusetts, but because the desire to make plain to his American audience how things are done in England has led Sir Charles into a kind of simplification which borders on caricature. That convenient, lazy abstraction, the Establishment, is invoked on every other page. No one in Whitehall ever writes a minute. 'Tizard would lunch with Hankey at the Athenaeum; Hankey

... would find it convenient to have a cup of tea with Swinton and Baldwin'. Of course it may have been like that. Life is, sometimes. Or can it be, as one sometimes feels, that scientists are incurable romantics?

H. G. NICHOLAS

John Davidson: a Selection of his Poems, edited with an introduction by Maurice Lindsay. Hutchinson. 25s.

John Davidson was one of those poets who are too driven, too much in a mess, to realize themselves effectively as artists. He wrote in a bad period for verse, and had too little taste or sense of direction, as well as too little money or luck, to find his true line of development. The few really valuable poems he produced were those written out of the consciousness of his own defeat. Though a Scot he belongs to the Cockney school of poetry, and one of the most weakening elements in his verse is a worn-out, townie kind of nature-poetry, a hackneyed association of the good life with the visual beauty of nature. It was a wrong path for him; for his was an aural and kinetic imagination, not a visual one. The 'saffron beach' and 'diamond drops' of the sea in *In Romney Marsh* are tawdry and unfelt decorations; what does mean something to him personally is the vibrant ringing of the telegraph wires and the fierce clashing of the waves on the shore. The things which excited Davidson poetically, and for which he found his own symbols, were physical exhilaration and moral endurance, and it is these which inspire his two finest poems, *Thirty Bob a Week* and *A Runnable Stag*.

Thirty Bob a Week is Davidson's most objective dramatic creation as it is the most intensely personal of his poems. Here, for once, he is not bluffing. The simple pounding rhythms and rancid Cockney humour of the Kipling ballad style set him free from second-hand poeticisms; he can speak out from the whole complex of his attitudes, the murderous envy as well as the heroic stoicism. He finds a similar kind of release, though by different means, in *A Runnable Stag*. Whereas in *Thirty Bob a Week* he expresses his own loneliness, poverty and frustration in the squalid terms natural to them; in *A Runnable Stag* he transposes them into ideal terms, where the hunters and their quarry, the persecutors and their victim, are both comely and perfect in their kind and the hunting-down a noble game. The beauty and desperate courage of the stag are part and parcel of the tingling physical joy of the hunters. The haunting tune of the poem (*When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom . . .*) echoes the tense and stinging sense of well-being that life at its best meant to Davidson ('having once known what health and strength are', he wrote, 'a man may be a poet although glued to the floor with consumption of the spinal marrow').

A Runnable Stag, so prophetic of his own suicide by drowning, dates apparently from late in his career, when he was already fatally fixed in his paranoid rejection of society. The turning-point in his career, and the nature of

his defeat, are clearly seen in an earlier poem, *The Man Forbid*. Its theme is mankind's blind hostility to the outsider, the Nietzschean liberator, who wants to deprive them of their old sweet imaginings and comfortable superstitions. But in fact the whole feeling of the poem is against the liberator and in favour of what he would destroy. There is a glaring contradiction between the poem's real and its intended message, signifying not conscious irony so much as helpless self-division, a real split in the mind.

Maurice Lindsay's new selection from Davidson is an admirable one, and his introduction and Mr. Eliot's preface are both of great interest. There is also a puzzling piece by Hugh MacDiarmid, claiming Davidson as essentially a Scottish poet, 'like Byron'.

P. N. FURBANK

Evolution and Progress

By Morris Ginsberg.

Heinemann. 25s.

It is sometimes a relief to turn from social surveys and investigations into social problems to listen to the theorist who is not primarily concerned with tests of significance. No one provides such relief in greater measure than Professor Ginsberg, the most distinguished theorist in this country. In this third volume of his essays he displays once more the learning and wisdom which we have learnt to expect of him. As the title indicates he is concerned—though not entirely—with problems of social change, and particularly with making out a case for progress. No one will deny that, within the scope of what they intend, there has been progress in knowledge and technology. This consists of greater co-ordination, an increase of range, and an increasing refinement of ideas. Within what ethics intends—harmonious relations between human beings—has there not been a similar advance: advance in scope and an increase in the critical examinations of moral ideas? It is difficult to resist the argument. The range of people towards whom we feel obligations has expanded, we are constantly examining our ethical prejudices and trying to reduce them to a coherent system. All this is discussed in the first part of the book. There is a certain amount of repetition since each of the essays was originally written for a special purpose, but in each the argument is approached from a different point of view.

The second part also contains a chapter on development and progress but this discussion is linked up with a survey of 'European Sociology in the Early Twentieth Century'. Of these chapters the last is perhaps the most instructive. It is a review of the theories of Dupréel, Tönnies, Max Weber, Vierkandt and von Wiese. There is so much to read and so little time at our disposal that we cannot but be grateful to the man of learning who was brought up in the days when European theoretical sociology was at its height. We know all too little about the grand old men and it is gratifying to learn about them from one who may be said without disrespect to take his place among them.

W. J. H. SPROTT

The Buildings of England: Suffolk

By Nikolaus Pevsner.

Penguin Books. 12s. 6d.

After being one of the most neglected and undescribed counties of England, Suffolk is now twice blessed. Last autumn Mr. Norman Scarfe



Windmill at Thorpeness

From 'The Buildings of England: Suffolk'

published his Shell Guide to the county, a perambulation which could hardly be faulted; and now Professor Pevsner has produced his own volume on Suffolk, the twentieth in what has become a monumental survey of English buildings. And what extraordinary value this book is in size and quality: over 500 pages of original material, covering every one of the 500 or so ancient parishes, for the almost derisory price of twelve shillings and six pence. It is rarely nowadays that one can praise a book for value in terms of bulk.

The pattern of Pevsner's series is by now well established. The quality of the introductory material seems to get better with each volume, partly at least because the local experts are now called in as a matter of course. England must be, for its size, the most complex and detailed country in the world, above all in its geology and physical structure, its topography and its local history. It takes a lifetime to know two or three counties really well. In this Suffolk volume Professor Pevsner has had the particular help of Mr. Rainbird Clarke and the posthumous help of H. Munro Cautley, whose book on Suffolk churches was one of the best of its kind in any part of England.

It is frustrating to pick out even some of the glories of Suffolk. Those church-crawlers who do not know the grand series of coastal churches from Lowestoft down to Aldeburgh have a treat to dream about. Then there is the incredibly melancholy site of the lost town of Dunwich

about which Henry James wrote so evocatively in *English Hours*; the splendid carved roof of Earl Stonham, outstanding in a county notable for its church roofs: the towns of Bury St. Edmunds, Lavenham, and Long Melford; and those wonderful 'finds' in the deep countryside like the churches of Denston and Kedington.

All this, and more, makes one long to settle down in some delightful little Suffolk town like Beccles or Woodbridge or Lavenham itself, and explore parish by parish for a month on end, armed with both Scarfe and Pevsner and deriving an extra pleasure from detecting the differences of opinion and approach.

Scarfe's eye is even more romantic, his prose more warmed with native affection, his notes more personal. Thus Pevsner on Bradfield Combust is telegraphic and discouraging, but Scarfe reveals the personal associations of the place with the greatest of all agricultural writers, Arthur Young, and the traces of the Young are still to be seen. On Woodbridge, Scarfe lets himself go and would charm anyone into visiting it: Pevsner scarcely hints at this. But sometimes the boot is on the other foot. Thus of Elveden Hall in the Breckland, enlarged in 1863-70 for the Maharajah Duleep Singh, Scarfe merely notes that Lord Iveagh 'understandably prefers a cottage'; whereas Pevsner calls it 'an Oriental extravaganza unparalleled in England' and makes one long to see it. At Gedding, a mayor of Leicester added a brick corner tower in 1897 to a Tudor gatehouse. Scarfe calls it 'monstrous' but Pevsner thinks it 'indeed very successful'. This makes one long even more to go on a petty progress through the friendly county. So few counties have even one guide-book that can be read without groaning or derision. Suffolk has two, dovetailing together beautifully. The traveller in these parts is a fortunate man.

W. G. HOSKINS

A Prime Minister Remembers

By Francis Williams. Heinemann. 21s.

I don't know whether this is in general a good way of getting political memoirs down on paper, but it is an admirable and original way of projecting Lord Attlee. He has written rather more books of memoirs than most Prime Ministers, but he is so modest a man that he is almost inarticulate when it comes to putting his own goods in the shop window.

Francis Williams hit on the idea of having long interviews with him which were taped and recorded. These form the main core of the book, together with some official letters and telegrams that Lord Attlee sent and received. The whole thing is linked together by Mr. Williams's own account of the background story. The idea comes off. For the first time something of the essential Attlee comes out of the pages of a book. Those who were close to him at Cabinet meetings and at interviews at No. 10 Downing Street can vouch for the authenticity of the note.

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names until they fall through the
bottom of the page... and still not be
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really matters about the sports pages
in The Observer is that they talk to
you on the same level of reality and
understanding as the other parts of
the paper.

J.B.L.

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He lacked public magnetism: but he had pretty well everything else. When he left office Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, sent him a cutting from a Conservative Ottawa paper. It described Attlee as 'in many ways a beau ideal of Prime Ministers'. This book goes a long way to justify that judgment.

Lord Attlee was more continuously involved in the politics of his time than any other party leader and it is hard to think of a period that was more ferociously testing both in war and peace. Only two men, Churchill and Attlee, served without break in the War Cabinet from the first day of the National Government until the end of the war in Europe. Thereafter Attlee went on as peace-time Prime Minister for another six years, facing one prodigious problem after another.

What comes out most clearly in this book is not so much Attlee's calm as his restless energy. Over and over again he took the initiative to get the free world to tackle in time the dangers and problems that threatened to overwhelm it. On taking office he set straightaway about trying to get international control of the atomic bomb. When he found that America, to whom we had given all our secrets in the war, was not going to give us hers after the war was over, he calmly decided that Britain should make its own bomb. But, as he now says, 'you must remember this was all prior to Nato'.

Simultaneously he was sending a stream of telegrams to the United States, Canada, and Australia warning them of imminent famine in India and Germany. He urged them to take emergency measures that inevitably diverted food from Britain. He himself decided to send 400,000 tons of our depleted wheat stocks to Germany. He did more than any other one man to save the world from ghastly famine and he was prepared to introduce bread-rationing in Britain, which had been avoided throughout the war. This was an act of rare courage, foresight, and magnanimity.

Perhaps Attlee's greatest virtue was an extraordinary capacity to get to the simple heart of complex problems. He saw that the only way to stop endless wrangling and a drift to disaster in India was to fix a firm date for independence. He saw the folly of bombing China in the Korean war and flew straight off to Washington to persuade President Truman. With all his drive and energy Attlee had the gift of calm. He sat, self-assured, at the centre of things, judging other men with great shrewdness.

This book contains many examples of his dry, penetrating wit and judgment. In his view Alanbrooke was the best strategist in the war, Eisenhower was a poor strategist. Bevin was 'a majorities man and was impatient with minorities'. Sir Stafford Cripps took too much to heart the need to deny that a decision had been taken to devalue the pound: 'he was rather a silly ass that way'. Gandhi was more a saint than a politician: but 'saints don't fit in awfully well with a democracy any more than do sinners'.

This book makes a glorious and controversial epoch in our history live again. For those who lived through it, it will revive sharp, nostalgic memories. For those to whom it is already history, I can think of no book that better evokes the real smell and sweat and magnificence of those days.

PATRICK GORDON WALKER

Greek Gods and Heroes. By Friedrich Pfister. Translated by Mervyn Savill. MacGibbon and Kee. 42s.

Professor Friedrich Pfister is a veteran scholar with a long series of valuable publications to his credit, mostly on the subject of ancient Greek religion. The book now translated is the best account of Greek mythology on this scale known to me. The author's learning is never obtruded, but is put to good effect; and the book is written with a gusto that makes it thoroughly enjoyable reading. I find particularly useful its detailed genealogical tables, which will rejoice the hearts of people who, like the Emperor Tiberius, like to inquire what relation Cerberus was to Zeus; it also has an excellent index, omitted from the present translation. It was a good idea to present this valuable work to the English public; and the book's format and its thirteen photographic plates leave nothing to be desired. So it is with real regret that I have to say that the whole effort is rendered useless by the miserable ineptitude of the translation.

The word order of German is so different from that of English that many German sentences have to be recast, if an English sentence that can be called English is to result. Mr. Mervyn Savill seems imperfectly aware of this principle. No one could read far into this book without guessing it to be a translation from the German, and the force and polish of the original are entirely lost. But Mr. Savill's failings go beyond a mere infelicity of expression; on every page the reader will detect inaccuracies that constantly obscure and sometimes distort the meaning. At the beginning of the chapter headed 'Sources' Mr. Savill makes Pfister say that there were many epics far older than the Iliad and Odyssey dating from the eighth and seventh centuries which have been lost. What Pfister actually says (page 237) is that, though only the Iliad and Odyssey survive, there once existed a far greater number of ancient epics, which dated from the eighth and seventh centuries.

Mr. Savill says that the sculptures of the temple of Zeus at Olympia date from 'the sixtieth year' of the fifth century; Pfister says 'from the sixties'. 'In the period', says Mr. Savill on page 29, 'from the end of the eighth century, vanishes the monopoly of the West in the realm of the myths due to the expanding Greek colonization'. The clumsiness of this sentence may well lead the reader to suspect its accuracy; and if he looks up the original, he will find that Pfister says: 'Into this period (beginning from the end of the eighth century) falls also the incorporation of the West into the domain of saga through the Greek colonization which began at this time'. On the next page, Mr. Savill says 'poetry' when the original says 'lyric poetry'; he calls Pindar and Bacchylides 'the two young versifiers' (the word he renders 'young' means, in this context, 'later'). All these mistakes have been taken from the first four pages of a single chapter; they are by no means the only ones that these pages contain; and there is no part of the book which would not serve as well to illustrate its character.

The translator of a book like this must have some acquaintance with its subject; but Mr. Savill's knowledge of mythology is on a level with his knowledge of German. On page 29 he refers to 'Selinunt'; that is indeed the German name for the town called in Greek 'Selinous';

but the English name is 'Selinus'. On this page and throughout the book, he speaks not of satyric drama, but of 'a satire': again on the same page, the names of Aeschylus's *Oresteia* and *Choephoroi* are misspelt. 'Many of the fifth century historians', says Mr. Savill, 'such as Hecataeus, could trace their family tree back to the mythical heroes'. Pfister says something quite different. 'When the Seven drew near Thebes', says Pfister, 'they pitched their camp beside the Asopus'. 'When the Seven drew near to Thebes', says Mr. Savill, 'Asopus pitched his camp'; a few lines later, the Argives are called 'the Argonauts'. 'The great epics', says Pfister, 'were committed to writing from the start'. 'The great epics', says Mr. Savill, 'were committed to papyrus from the start'. Does Mr. Savill know what country papyrus came from? The account of Christ given in the Gospels, we are told on page 23, 'may well have been based entirely on the *Life of Heracles*'. This is not quite what Pfister says.

I have been unable to resist speculating upon the translator's nationality. He cannot, I think, be German. But can he be English? Cassandra is at least three times called 'the prophetress' and Hesiod is said to have produced 'a systematic, geological overall picture of the myths'.
HUGH LLOYD-JONES

China and Her Shadow. By Tibor Mende. Thames and Hudson. 35s.

At the end of his survey of modern China Mr. Tibor Mende records his only conversation in China with 'someone all alone'. He was in a crowded Peking tram, without his interpreter when he was jostled against an American-educated university professor. 'It's hard, very hard', the professor whispered to Mr. Mende, 'but they are doing what had to be done'.

These are roughly Mr. Mende's own conclusions on China. From a powerless, agrarian country, worse off than most ex-colonies, China is becoming industrialized and potentially, perhaps, the most powerful nation in the world. 'Only twelve years ago', Mr. Mende writes, 'China had to import most manufactured goods; today her own products range from blast-furnaces to steel plants and complete sets of hydraulic equipment, to precision instruments and antibiotics . . .'. This enormous industrial 'leap forward' was made possible by state planning, by Soviet aid, by the development of the previously empty lands of the Chinese west, and by the mobilization of all Chinese—in a way reminiscent of wartime British mobilization. Mr. Mende describes the ending of the Chinese birth-control campaign when the rural communes were set up, and it was officially announced that China needed every pair of hands. Dissident intellectuals and town unemployed were packed off to the villages where common mess-halls, nurseries, and sewing brigades enabled women too to work outside their homes.

Mr. Mende wanted to know whether the Chinese people had suffered unnecessarily in the speed of their country's advance. Chinese work inhumanly hard, sometimes separated from their families. In the country, he found, small factories and building work take up the slack; period peasants used to have between their seasons. Wages are low, food and cloth strictly rationed. In a Sinkiang prison Mr. Mende met the young son of a Shanghai bourgeois family



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serving the long sentence imposed on him for organizing a revolutionary group and spreading rumours'. But where they could the Chinese communists, in striking contrast to their Russian predecessors, have preferred to persuade rather than to kill or imprison their middle classes. If food is scarce, it is evenly distributed, and for the poor probably more than they had before. Most Chinese are proud of their country's new international position, and, among the young particularly, there are devotees happy to make any sacrifice for the new order.

China's 'shadow', Mr. Mende considers, is her growing influence among the poorer nations of the world. Visitors from Africa and Latin America, as well as from Asia, see China's success in meeting the sort of problems they themselves face. India, the democratic other face of Asia, has been notably less successful economically in spite of much greater foreign aid.

This is the fullest and most up-to-date account of China today yet published. For the specialist Mr. Mende's full discussion of many of the most perplexing questions of Chinese communist

policy is particularly valuable. Why was criticism suddenly encouraged in the 'hundred flowers' movement, and then, equally suddenly, clamped down on? What is the present balance of power between China and Russia? Why did China wipe out in Tibet, and by her army excursions along the Indian border, much of the goodwill she had built up in Asia since the Bandung Conference? What are China's aims in her negotiations with the United States, and how likely is she to start a world war?

LOIS MITCHISON

New Novels

I Shall not Hear the Nightingale. By Kushwant Singh. John Calder. 18s.

A Place Apart. By David Lytton. MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.

The Last Barbarian. By Jan Carew. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

Mister Moses. By Max Catto. Heinemann. 15s.

WITH THE SOUTH AFRICAN treason trials just over and the headlined name of Eichmann glaring from every newspaper it would be idle to deny that racial conflict is as important a subject as it is a grim one. Just why this should be so I have never been able to understand. Where genuine cultural differences separate people, or ideological issues are involved, I can see that there is room for misunderstandings and even for an element of friction, but where such elements are lacking, as in the case of the German Jew or the Harlem Negro, I cannot for the life of me make sense of the violence of racial hatred, the signs of which are only too apparent. It strikes me, of course, that it is not there to be made sense of, that it is, in the strictest meaning of the word, nonsense. An innocent inquirer from Mars would certainly be amazed at the sight of the Germans shepherding many of their most civilized and useful citizens into gas-chambers, after transporting them thousands of miles across Europe in trains which could have been much better employed in carrying war material. Nor would he be likely to applaud Dr. Verwoerd's attempts to rob himself of the intelligence and enthusiasm of by far the majority of his fellow countrymen. But, just because it is so irrational, springing from secret sources deep in the human psyche, racial intolerance would seem an ideal subject for the novelist. It is therefore with some sadness that I have to report that among recent novels impinging in any way on race relationships none is a masterpiece and only one is even a good book.

That one is the work of a Sikh, and it provides a portrait in depth of a Sikh family which will come as a shock to those British romantics who regard all Sikhs as courageous warriors and full-blooded supporters of the British Raj. For neither Buta Singh nor his son, Sher, are the stuff that heroes are made of. Rather, they are intelligent timid men, Buta angling for honours as a local magistrate, Sher ground down to exhaustion by a demanding wife yet managing to run an ineffectual terrorist organization directed against the British. Most of the plot centres around Sher's opposition to British rule, which eventually leads to his committing murder, but the core of the book is rather the complicated relationships in a Sikh household and this novel, which has no hero, does have a heroine. She is Sabhrai, the wife of Buta and mother of Sher,

and Kushwant Singh admirably suggests the patina of experience behind which her eyes wink religiously at the world. For she is a deeply religious woman and this is largely a religious book. Through her Mr. Singh opposes the Sikh faith to the British Raj in which her husband believes and the blustering hatred of it which gives her son a reason to exist. And that faith is triumphantly vindicated against all odds by this ageing illiterate woman. The rights or wrongs of British rule are seen as an irrelevance before the moral imperatives of her people. None of this is stated by Mr. Singh. All is suggested, subtly but firmly, by the sequence of incidents and repetition of prayers. These prayers are no great shakes poetically and, indeed, lead me to think that, from the literary point of view, the Sikh religion must be among the most bankrupt in existence. Yet their very banality serves to underline the literary ingenuity of Mr. Singh and they provide an effective still centre for the pyrotechnics of his plot.

David Lytton gives us no such centre of gravity and his rootless hero suffers from just such a lack. A coloured South African, his lot could never be a pleasant one but it is made worse by the efforts of a number of whites to help him under the mistaken impression that he possesses some kind of mysterious talent. The writing, too, is hybrid, encompassing all kinds of styles from the forced poetic to the simple banal. But it is the book's point of view which most baffles me. Mr. Lytton seems to be saying something like: coloured people are inferior; it's a pity they have to suffer so much because of their inferiority but that doesn't alter the fact that they do lack guts and brains and good strong limbs. These statements may even be true of the coloured population in South Africa. I don't know. But there are certainly reasons enough, from malnutrition, through wine drinking to police brutality, to account for their inferiority without bringing in questions of blood—whether it is mixed or diluted, wild or tame, courageous or cowardly. Yet Mr. Lytton would no doubt be considered a liberal in his native South Africa because of his intense sympathy—totally lacking in respect though it is—for the coloured man's situation. Then, too, by having his hero castrated by an Alsatian dog while still a child, he shirks the whole sexual business which is such a powerful factor in racial fears. Or

again, he has an irritating habit of referring to some of his leading characters by their functions rather than their names: thus we have the Jewish doctor and the poet who wander namelessly through the entire length of the novel. And very long it seemed to at least one reader.

Jan Carew, on the contrary, is a coloured man and it would be pleasant to be able to point to his book as a refutation of all the stories of his race's inferiority. Unfortunately this can't be done, since this latest novel is an untidy bundle of rather boring characters who speak in a dialect which is surely the most inorganic ever invented by a novelist in search of a line of patter. Even his descriptive talent, which was such a feature of his earlier books, fades, folds up and finally dies when it is removed from his native Guiana and forced to squat in a Harlem stoep. Yet this new book of his has an importance. So far as I know it is the first literary expression of the coloured man's impatience with the white, his mounting anger, almost his hatred. These sentiments are expressed through the character of Tiberio, a Brazilian painter who suffers first failure and then success in New York. 'I have a creative arrogance', says Tiberio, 'which has nothing to do with being Negro, it comes from being an artist . . . I can't turn around the corner without a white man or woman telling me that their best friend is a Negro, without liberals, pederasts, cranks, Christians ambushing me with their sympathy'. It is an important statement and one that we will hear more frequently as the patience of men of colour runs out and is replaced by resentment against the white world.

And *Mister Moses* serves as an admirable illustration of why that patience is growing short. It purports to tell about the removal of a tribe in the French Congo from their ancestral homes in a valley which is due to be flooded by a newly built dam to a new village in the Savannahs. But the tribe has to be led and who better to lead them than a white quack called Moses? The tribe act like naughty children throughout and Mr. Moses is equally consistent with his ingenuity and courage. The whole thing parodies the journey of Israel out of Egypt, and Max Catto is to be congratulated on managing quite an intricate set of correspondences. But I doubt if his book will be hailed as a contribution to racial understanding.

BURNS SINGER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Link-up with Moscow

IN ITS PASSIVE ROLE of transmitter of current events, B.B.C. television scored a big success with the Moscow link-up on April 14 and 15. When you remember the devious route by which they came, the pictures of the first cosmonaut's welcome and press conference were amazingly good.

All that man-to-man kissing—smack on the lips in most cases and a cuddle to go with it—put the traditional French embrace, which most of us regard as unnecessarily emotional, on about the same level as our own formal handshake. It was a reminder that the Russians are a strongly emotional people and that the stolid drabness that seems to have gripped them since the revolution is as alien to their real character as their oscular habit is to ours.

Now that it has been vividly demonstrated that live television between Russia and Britain is practicable, let us hope that we shall soon get more of it—in both directions. I am not sure that I shall want to watch the whole of the May Day parade in Moscow which the B.B.C. promises us. I am sure that the decision to bring it to our screens was sound. Regular two-way television, particularly of outside events, can surely help to dissolve barriers more quickly than cultural delegations or opera and theatre companies, because it will introduce to each other the ordinary people of both countries instead of the extraordinary ones.

Not that ordinary people are invariably worth seeing or hearing, in Russia, Britain, or elsewhere. The practice of asking passers-by in the street for their views on topics of world importance may satisfy the democracy-in-action urges of some producers, but frequently it is a waste of the reporter's time and ours. 'Panorama' and 'Tonight' are apt to overdo their use of this device, just as they are inclined to call

on the same small group of journalists and Members of Parliament (of whom Lord Boothby and Mr. Bernard Levin are two of the most highly favoured) to express an authoritative opinion on any subject under the sun. Mr. Levin's scepticism about the fact of the Russian space trip ('Tonight', April 12) was echoed by an American man in the street on the same programme the following evening, and for once I could sympathize with the logic of both.

Richard Dimbleby's skill as commentator and reporter has overshadowed his ability as interviewer. In 'Panorama' (April 10) he showed his superiority in this television art over many who do little else. He was talking to the general secretary of the National Association of



The Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, answering questions in 'Press Conference'



From the dramatized documentary programme 'After the Crash': the second pilot of a crashed 'Cardinal' aircraft being interrogated by investigators from the Air Ministry

Schoolmasters about the Minister of Education's refusal to recognize the association as a wage-negotiating body, and of the association's threat to strike. To say that Mr. Dimbleby was tact personified is to state the well-known. He also had a kindly astuteness that enabled him to ask all the awkward questions without offending and without, by implication, taking sides, a pitfall not all of his colleagues avoid.

In its active role of originator as well as transmitter of programmes, documentary television was only half successful with 'The Musicmakers' (April 12) and 'After the Crash' (April 13). This was the more strange because Mr. Anthony de



Major Yuri Gagarin arriving in Moscow, as he was seen by B.B.C. viewers on April 14, in the first direct television broadcast from the U.S.S.R.

Lotbinière produced the first and Mr. Wilfred Greathouse wrote the second.

The idea on which 'The Musicmakers' was based was promising. 'Every night, in every city, people are making music for fun.' The film shows some of them—who made music on a winter evening in London' explained *Radio Times*. The idea was susceptible of one obvious treatment and several less obvious. Mr. de Lotbinière chose the former. So we had the inevitable cutting from the sublime (church organ) to the banal, and the other way round, as well as several shots that annoyingly lost some of their force because we could only vaguely guess the musicmakers' identities. Mr. de Lotbinière would probably maintain that identification of each group was not essential to our enjoyment of the film and he might be right, though I for one would have liked to know, for example, what community in London the group belonged to who sat round a table and sang in what sounded like Russian.

'After the Crash' seemed to me to suffer from a decision to introduce that old bugaboo, the story line, into an account of the unexciting but most interesting investigation that follows every aircraft crash. The story was concerned with the fixing of the responsibility for the crash on the surviving co-pilot, and his last-minute absolution from blame by the finding of a piece of wreckage which proved structural failure. This old-hat stuff was unconvincing and nearly spoilt what would, without it, have been a more acceptable, because believable, documentary.

'Press Conference' (April 14) confirmed that the Prime Minister is a master, when he has to be, of the courteous, seemingly frank answer that tells you nothing.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Full-blooded Farce

IN MY DICTIONARY 'farce' is described simply as something to excite laughter. I cannot fault such an umbrella-like a description except to say that it lacks precision. As if to illustrate this, television drama has within a fortnight presented us with Sundays with splendidly full-blooded farces.

The difference, though, between *A Fair Coat* on Easter Sunday and last Sunday's *Charley's Aunt* were about as great as they could be. No does it suffice to define this by saying that one is good and one bad. This is not the case. Of their kinds both are good, though this is not to suggest that the same audiences will like both. Indeed audiences for farce are probably the most stratified in all entertainment.

It is as inconceivable that the old Aldwych farce patrons would enjoy the present record breaking offerings at the Whitehall Theatre, a

vice-versa. In the same way I do not suppose that those who rocked with laughter on Easter Sunday will have accepted *Charley's Aunt* as an equal though many of the ingredients—men masquerading as women, absurd misunderstandings, galvanic speed—were similar. Furthermore, I think it possible that Aldwych farce devotees might well have yawned at Brandon Thomas's pacemaker. Mistakenly, I suggest, though I feel that the attitude always towards this farce is reverence rather than expectancy.

Expectancy of fast and furious farce would most surely have been disappointed, not that pace was lacking. Stuart Burge's dazzling production put the play on an almost high comedy level. Because the dialogue could not really stand this treatment unaided, with the assistance of Reece Pemberton's settings the play became something of a bizarre pastoral of a mannered Oxford comedy. It was a little as though Oscar Wilde had re-written *Zuleika Dobson* for the Whitehall Theatre.

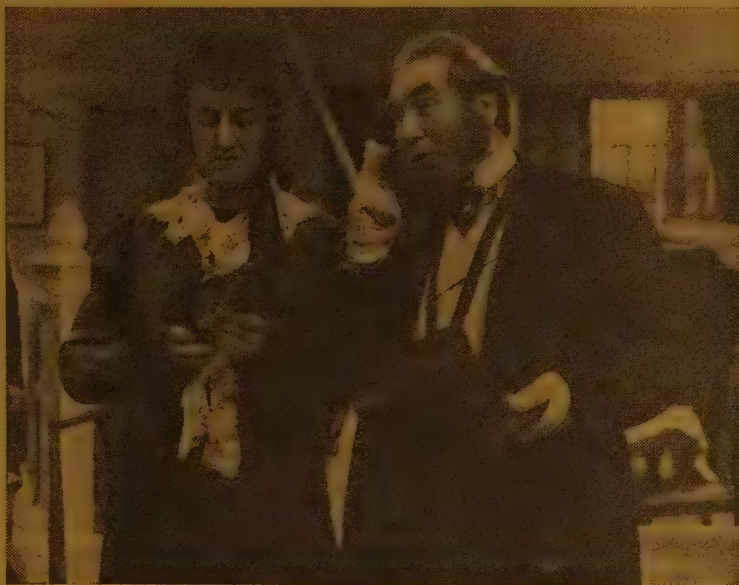
Then the farce pure and simple would take over again as Spettigue, a massive, suppressed Restoration rake in Donald Wolfitt's full-blooded performance, pursued the fleeing Donna like an amorous tank. Curiously enough, and unexpectedly, these two styles did not clash as one might have feared. Instead the one complemented the other; the outrageous pursuit along the river balancing the donna's kittishly petulant dance when Chesney and Wykeham were re-dressing her.

In the part of the infamous aunt, Bernard Cribbins, his bloodhound face simpering into blushing womanhood as he bit back a floodtide of insubordination, was bliss to watch, while the wary desperation that overwhelmed him as he ducked away from Spettigue was every bit as enjoyable. Rosalie Crutchley imparted a tolerant glitter to the real Lucia and William Kendall played the elder Chesney with panache. Barrie Ingham, John Warner, Patsy Rowlands and Bridget Armstrong were the young people, and Lloyd Pearson was a suitably rotund Brasset.

Far from farcical was *People of Nowhere* (April 10) by James Brabazon. Since the play was no great shakes dramatically, and since its presentation blatantly lacked topicality, I was baffled by its appearance. But perusal of *Radio Times* revealed that its origin was World Refugee Year. This at least gave a reason for its existence. It does not account for so late and untimely an appearance on our screens. One is inhibited from commenting in strongly adverse terms on a play whose subject is the suffering of, and implicitly the succour of, people in circumstances they are helpless to control. And given the topical angle one could fairly balance the inadequacy of the drama with the timelessness of the theme.

Today the subject is no more important than before—that it is no less, either, goes without saying. One expects, then, a dramatic reason for showing

scenes of the desperate life in a refugee camp. None appeared. Coincidence, improbability, repetition were used with a fine disregard for theatrical effect. I won't dispute that many of the concomitants of great drama were here present. But the poignancy, tragedy, despair and human fortitude were in the subject and not in the play. One could not but be moved by this dilemma of the human condition. I only



Bernard Cribbins (left) as Lord Fancourt Babberley and Donald Wolfitt as Stephen Spettigue in *Charley's Aunt*

wish that these feelings had been fortified by the outward expression of them.

Deciding that finesse was not called for, the cast laid on the colour with a trowel. This worked well enough and such fine players as Megs Jenkins, Barry Foster, Alex Scott, and Frederick Schiller played their parts with strength and fire. John Crocket produced it with a similar regard for the final effect being more valuable than the manner of reaching it.

They Met in a City (Tuesdays) ploughs a wayward furrow. Last week's *The Odd*

Customer, by John Wiles, not the episode scheduled in *Radio Times*, dropped back towards the ineffectiveness of the opening play. The characterization was stronger, but the principal weakness was again the story itself. No sufficiently convincing reason was given for the boy's return with the money any more than the necessity for stealing it for him—no reason, that is, other than for the purposes of the story.

Again, had the characterization been less ordinary (actually the young people were the least exciting imaginable), had the participants been more deeply realized, this would certainly not have troubled me. Conflict of purpose would have flowed naturally from such people. Still, as types we come into daily contact with, I felt that from Mr. Wiles's play I had gained a kind of insight into their reactions to existence. Derrick Sherwin gave the part of the young outlaw an authentic febrile intensity and Jennifer Wilson's suffused charm worked well as a foil.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, Jr.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Mozart Unfair

THE LAST LINE of *The Marriage of Figaro* by Beaumarchais, 'Tout finit par des chansons', became proverbial in France. It took on a second meaning for me when I was listening to R. D. Smith's lively production of a new translation of the play by Thomas Walton (Third Programme, April 11). The ghost of Mozart was not easy to exorcise. Particularly when the operatic version had kept close to the original—as in the sending of Cherubino off to war—I kept expecting music or seeing the sets and costumes of remembered performances.

This, though inevitable, was unfair and regrettable. For Mozart's librettist had dropped much of the satirical bite and revolutionary force and purpose of the comedy. Mr. Walton's version, faithful without being slavish, restored the 'philosophic' reasoning, the arguments about heredity, instinct, and the like, and the impudent assertion of the idea of equality. There is much more subversive propaganda in Beaumarchais than a few dangerous lines about aristocrats deserving their advantages only by having given themselves the trouble of being born.

The satire on corrupt and ignorant judges is bitter as well as witty, and although the amorous intrigue is dominant over the first half of the play, brilliantly ingenious and amusing though it is, it is overshadowed later on by passionately held beliefs about the rights of man. In comedy and farce servants had been cleverer than their masters centuries before Figaro. But he is the first valet to be so eloquently conscious of his superiority. His legal arguments and the long autobiographical speeches in which he claims to have been doctor, pamphleteer, politician, and intriguer must have reminded the



A scene from *People of Nowhere* with (left to right) John Murray Scott and John Greenwood as two Russian refugees, Megs Jenkins as Anna Maczek, and Patrick Godfrey as her son Jan

early audiences of the author's own fantastic career. There could be a good historical play on the life of Beaumarchais but it is unlikely to compare with his own comedy.

Jack MacGowran had the right attack and racing volubility for Figaro, and Zoe Caldwell's Susanna was rightly as sure of the superiority of women as any Shavian heroine. I was sorry that a narrator was allowed to break in once or twice to jump us over some of the unwinding of an admittedly very complex plot. Surely the Third can risk giving us a full text in revivals of considerable plays.

R. F. Delderfield is best known for his very successful farce *Worm's Eye View*. But he is also a serious novelist of modest pretensions and fair quality. The first instalment of *The Avenue Goes To War* (Light Programme, April 10), a serial which he has adapted from his own novel, introduced a crowd of characters neatly enough. It evidently aims to record the late war through the conduct of a group of suburban neighbours, and was no more profound than the Archers in a good week. The interwoven stories were rather heavily contrived, but some of the dialogue revived memories as surely as the sound of the air-raid warning.

Laurence Housman's *Echo de Paris*, produced by John Gibson (Home Service, April 10), was primarily an anecdote about the suffering of Oscar Wilde when former friends cut him after his release from prison. It made that point with an understatement which could have been melodramatic but was quietly effective. It was also a conversation piece designed to show what the people who heard Wilde's talk in reality found so admirable in it. The trick of having sympathetic but embarrassed friends drawing him out was pulled off with great skill. How much was remembered from Housman's own experience cannot be known. But it sounded very good, and true to the style of Wilde in epigrams, earnestness, nonsense, and story-telling. Max Adrian's performance as Oscar was extraordinarily versatile within an overall restraint. Of course he conveyed shyness, dogmatism, affectation, and casual wit with ease. But he could also hint desperation by a slight flatness in the delivery of an overpolished phrase. Both in writing and in performance this little play was admirably professional.

Mr. Stanley Unwin gave much illumination to 'London Lights' (Light, April 16) with an informative talk on cricket. He seemed less happy as a member of one of those strange 'juries' which comment on popular records a week or so ago. But I am happy to hear his confiding, helpful voice gently deranging rhetoric for its own good on any topic and in any company. He is the unquestioned Duke of Gobbledegook, the soundest of engineers, and the innocent cause of more doubled double takes and more incendiary slow burns than anyone else in the talking trade.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



The Question of Delivery

THERE IS a chasm between the written and the spoken word; and woe betide the speaker who does not see the deep and yawning divide. His words may be fresh, informative, personal, even graceful, but they will only add up to an essay; and the best of essays is not a broadcast. Elia himself (all question of stutter apart) might not have been a broadcaster born.

These reflections may be obvious, but perhaps I shall be forgiven for repeating them. They were suggested by three separate talks last week. Robert Conquest's talk on 'Space, Time, and Terror' (Third Programme, April 7) was a warm-hearted apology for science fiction; it

should make good reading, but it was certainly not delivered with gusto. The same might be said of Mr. E. H. Carr's first talk in the series 'What is History?' (Third Programme, April 8); the subject was fascinating, the authority unquestioned, but the delivery was remarkably unfortunate. (This may have been the producer's fault; but if a speaker is not corrected in the studio, his mannerisms should be cut out of the tape.) Sir Philip Hendy's survey of 'The Thysen Collection' (Third Programme, April 14) deserves much the same sort of criticism. There could hardly be any doubt of his erudition or feeling, and on the printed page his comments would have style. But the monotonous delivery that one noticed when he spoke, some months ago, on Uccello, was again all too evident. He did not for a moment get his enthusiasm across.

There was no lack of enthusiasm when (Third Programme, April 10) Randall Jarrell introduced some of his verse. He did so with an engaging humour that reminded me of Tom Lehrer. It was sick humour: off-beat, dead-pan, and (once we were acclimatized to so strong an accent) effective. The trouble was that once he had given us the glossaries, there was nothing left to say in the text. I cannot use the word 'poems' here: it seems to me a misnomer.

There was surprisingly little humour in the latest 'Frankly Speaking' (Home Service, April 7). I was startled to find Ronald Searle so serious and so mild. Mr. Searle dealt with his interviewers as smartly as any sixth-former at St. Trinian's, if with a rather larger tolerance; but I still don't understand why it needs three sharpshooters to hit the sitting target in this programme, and I could have dispensed with Charlotte Mitchell.

Talking about St. Trinian's, the first of a dozen programmes on 'Starting a Career' (Network Three, April 10) gave a survey of 'Leaving School in the Nineteen-sixties', and drew a lively comparison between leaving school today and doing so a generation ago. This series is designed for parents and educationists rather than those who are taking the General Certificate of Education, and it should be a useful supplement to talks with the headmaster, a competent survey for those who are bewildered by educational jargon and by the number of jobs that are offered their children. This weekly Citizens' Advice Bureau should do a good deal of service if it is properly used; but I hope that someone will point out that education is rather more than a passport to a career: a touch of idealism wouldn't hurt, even in such a practical matter as this.

Another series of programmes, 'Fakes, Frauds, and Forgeries', began last week (Home Service, April 13) with 'The Ern Malley Story': the story of the modern Australian poet invented to while away an afternoon and vociferously acclaimed by the *literati*. The acclaim was not entirely surprising, for the co-inventors of Malley, cynical though they were, had stumbled into poetry, and some of the lines we heard had distinct literary quality. We are going to have a hoax a fortnight, and I shall look forward to the programme on that literary *bête noire*, Thomas J. Wise.

'Waiting for What?' (Third Programme, April 14) was a vivacious documentary on another literary subject: the first London production and provincial tour of what the critics would call a seminal work. As Peter Bull emphasized, *Waiting for Godot* was part of the movement of the nineteen-fifties. It was hardly recognized as such when it first appeared; and this programme was a tongue-in-cheek commentary on theatregoers (the avant-garde, the bewildered, the purely social, and those who go for occupational therapy); it gave a gay account, too, of stage techniques.

And, finally, our familiar friend Mr. Cut-

forth. If I was disappointed in his inquiry into horses, 'Marching to Protest' (Home Service, April 11) restored by confidence in him. The programme was lively, instructive, destructive, and, finally, touching. A journalist cannot always report with sympathy; but Mr. Cutforth can be serious when he chooses, and one feels that if he had not joined the marchers officially, he would have joined them because he admired them.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Venetian Politics

TO SAY that Luigi Nono's opera *Intolleranza 1960* caused a confused impression on the air would be one of the grosser understatements to have appeared in this column. The first performance was relayed from the Fenice Theatre on April 13 (Third Programme) as part of the Venice Festival of Contemporary Music. Spoken voices deliberately distorted and 'scrambled' by tapes, chorus unseen and transmitted stereophonically in the theatre, an anti-fascist riot enacted on the stage against an almost continuous barrage of whistles, shouts, boos and cat-calls from a *claque* which had evidently turned out in full force and in splendid voice—all these were factors which hardly contributed to the lucidity of the broadcast.

At the best of times it is unwise to judge a new opera merely from a broadcast. With the added problem of distinguishing between the variety of sounds produced from the cast and from the audience, since the microphone picked up both in a comprehensive, surrealist way, I can only offer a highly speculative view. It would be gratifying to suggest that *Intolleranza 1960* is to be reckoned among the noble group of operas which have provoked intense hostility at first hearing and have then, by sheer merit, eventually established themselves in public favour. However I feel doubtful whether this score, and more especially its drably protesting story with its unoriginal symbolism, justify such a prospect. Yet some at least of the music which we were allowed to hear sounded well enough, characteristic of Nono in its sonorities (which both attract and pall quickly), advanced of course but not extravagantly so by present-day standards and despite its difficulties not ungrateful for the voices. There was nothing in the music itself objectionable as to account for the angry and derisive outbursts from the auditorium, though I can understand its being disliked. It has been reported that the cat-callers were representing a neo-fascist group, and if that is so the whole futile and distasteful episode is explained.

The performers, which included the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, under Bruno Maderna, battled through most creditably to the end. On the previous night (Third) also from the Venice Festival, the B.B.C. Orchestra had run into presumably non-political taste of booing after a powerful performance, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz, of Vaughan Williams's Fourth Symphony. Not contemporary enough? Too contemporary? Or perhaps the audience could not quite stomach the composer's take-it-or-leave-it attitude, and the element of seeming uncouthness in the finale. This symphony formed part of twentieth-century British programme by four senior composers. A well-chosen programme though it was possibly a pity that a work by a less-established composer could not have been accommodated.

Britten's Nocturne (which Schwarz understood well: he conducted its first performance in 1958) was sung with outstanding firmness and clarity by Gerald English. The last two songs, which for me contain the finest music in the work, were especially successful in this performance.

formance and I hope it is not invidious to single out, in the penultimate song (Keats's 'What is more gentle than a wind in summer') the skilful laying of the flute and clarinet *obligati*.

An earlier work (1940) of Britten's, the *Sinonia da Requiem* was played (April 11, Home) in the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra's concert, under George Hurst. This work has been coming into its own lately, and properly so for it is quite one of the best of Britten's orchestral pieces: compact, tough-fibred, formally satisfying. The insistent tread of its opening *Lacrymosa* was rather weakened by a too fast tempo, but the following *Dies Irae*, a sort of angry young person's guide to the orchestra, was executed with great verve. And the final *Requiem Aeternam*, a wonderfully sustained stretch of lyrical writing, was beautifully phrased. In the same programme two most

gifted young British artists, Ralph Holmes and Rohan de Saram, gave an impressive and well-matched performance of Brahms's acutely testing Concerto for violin, cello, and orchestra.

A somewhat scrappy 'Thursday Invitation Concert' (April 13, Third) presented a large number of small Stravinsky pieces, early and late. Among the more enjoyable were the Japanese lyrics for voice (Dorothy Dorow) and small instrumental ensemble. They date from 1913 but in the extreme compression and economy of writing they remarkably foreshadow a much later Stravinsky. As it happens a work by his compatriot, Prokofiev, dating from the same year was played—with commendable dash—by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under Norman Del Mar with Jorge Bolet as soloist (April 16, Home)—the Second Piano Concerto. This was one of the first of Prokofiev's works to attract

attention in advanced circles and Stravinsky himself apparently admired it. It has a superbly luxuriant opening movement and an ensuing virtuosic Scherzo with no speed-limit. If the rest were as good, the work would surely have won the popular acclaim of Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto. Unfortunately the ideas in the other two movements are of an altogether lower standard and there is some tiresome note-spinning.

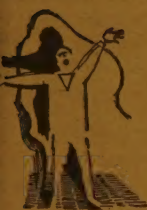
Ivor Walsworth's Cello Concerto had its first performance on April 14 (Home). It displays a curious and intriguing mixture of the coolly lyrical and the sardonic. The slow movement, written with the solo part effectively placed in its higher register, was well handled by the soloist, Florence Hooton. In an unaggressive way, this was a work of some originality.

ALAN FRANK

Winter Journey

By MAURICE J. E. BROWN

Schubert's 'Winterreise' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.50 p.m. on April 22



THERE ARE twenty-four songs in the *Winterreise* cycle. Only one of them—*Der Lindenbaum*—is universally popular, and only one other—*Der Leiermann*—can claim a place among Schubert's great songs. Yet the cycle as a whole is his finest achievement in song-writing; it lies nearest the heart of the Schubert lover, and stands highest in the estimation of all musicians when Schubert's output of songs is considered as a whole. How can we account for this fact? The theme, the sentiment, the formal embodiment of both theme and sentiment, the external setting, are all against such esteem. Suffering and heartbreak in a winter landscape, sung of in a series of simple strophic songs—what is here here to inspire such admiration and affection? The feelings of the private Schubertian—that 'unlistened-to, homely music-maker' as Kapell calls him—never get into print and so never reach the public eye; but the comments and criticisms of *Winterreise* that are printed, in books and articles, and even in the ephemeral newspaper reports of the performances of the song-cycle, give ample voice to that widespread admiration and affection. The critic, Schubertian or otherwise, is at his best when he writes of these wonderful songs.

The reason lies in the simplicity of Schubert's assault on the sensibility of the listener. His sincerity in the approach to and presentation of Müller's poems never fails to evoke wonder. There is no trace of conscious artifice in the musical treatment, no use of recurring motives or imagery, which would—to quote Kapell again—have been so moving, but so facile, device. Instead, each new turn in the drama is freshly and enthusiastically taken up. The remorseless effect on the listener of so direct and immediate an approach to the suffering in the text was admirably discussed by Peter Heyworth in *The Observer* after a performance of the cycle by Hermann Prey some two years ago:

The febrile ravings of Tristan in the third act of Wagner's opera, the nightmare of Schönberg's *Erwartung*, the terrible dreams of Strauss's *Clytemnestra* and the pathetic delusions of Wozzeck, all these terrify, shock, stir and move the heart. But in the final resort all that high romantic frenzy, gripping though it is in the hands of a master, defeats its own ends. We do not recognize its temperature chart as relating directly to our own; far from increasing terror, its very intensity lends it a mercifully external quality, so that the listener is moved vicariously by events outside himself . . . but the uncanny

ease, simplicity, lack of strain and of apparatus, with which Schubert strikes to the innermost heart, gives his music this unique directness. The voice is so rarely raised, the expression is often so literal, as though one were listening to a mere narration of fact . . . so utterly devoid of false emphasis and exaggerated rhetoric, that the cycle ceases to be something 'out there' and takes on the immediacy of personal experience.

Müller's poems have been called 'homely', and so in a sense they are. It is true that certain German critics have subjected the verses to a scrupulous analysis, using every kind of psychological reagent in their laboratories. Müller, so far as he was aware, based his verse tales on folklore, using as his heroes completely conventional and fashionable figures in the literary world of the day. But the many subconscious ingredients in his verse are, so these critics tell us, darkly symbolic, and reach back in their origins to medieval sources. Readers may perhaps be interested in one of Müller's apparently subconscious uses of archaic practice, the so-called 'Runic' device, the scratching of phrases on trees, doors and—in *Winterreise*—on the ice of the frozen brook. Externally, at least, Müller's hero, who wanders through the ice and snow of the December countryside, expresses his heartbreak and disintegration of mind in the most everyday of phrases.

For this plain, almost commonplace, verse narrative, Schubert composed a music which raises it to a sublimity and universality undreamt of (and, to be fair, unintended) by Müller, while using, all the time, comparably simple means. The result displays the ever-fascinating difference between the naive simplicity of talent and the unfathomable simplicity of genius. The ease and transparency of the music bring to mind the picture of a composer entranced by his text, pouring out, transported, a music of whose beauties he is only half aware. It cannot be a true picture. The perfection of the *Winterreise* songs could only be achieved by a composer hypersensitively aware of what he is doing. From first to last the hand of a superbly calculating artist is obvious. Every note, every nuance, every stress and relaxation in the songs, is accurately placed by a craftsman who knows precisely what is required: required from the point of view of singer, of pianist, and of audience. The care and consideration given by Schubert to the composition of the song-cycle are indicated by the period he spent on it. He began to compose the *Winterreise* songs in February 1827: the first twelve, comprising

Part I, were not ready for publication until six or seven months later. In October he took up the second part of the cycle, and if we may judge from his letter to Johann Baptist Jenger (September 25, 1828) he worked on these twelve songs for a further period of nearly a year.

Schubert's copy of Part I, handed to the publisher, Tobias Haslinger, in the autumn of 1827, was a manuscript so altered and revised as to be almost indecipherable. Accordingly the publisher commissioned a fair copy (prepared by one Johann Schönwälder) and this was then submitted to Schubert for his approval. The composer made further alterations in this copy before returning it. Schönwälder's manuscript is still extant. Apart from the importance of Schubert's own additions, it is of interest to record that the fair copying of one of the songs was undertaken by Haslinger himself. It was *Rückblick*. One likes to think that this one song was so treated by Haslinger—he, also, was a song-writer—because it was a favourite with him. For *Rückblick* embodies all the virtues of craftsmanship, spontaneity, and poignancy which are so abundant in the cycle as a whole.

One particular point of craftsmanship in the song might be mentioned here: Schubert was evidently struck by the sarcasm of Müller's reference to the jilt's 'glowing eyes'. In an extraordinary way he darkens his G major tonality with the harmonies of E minor, without once committing himself, as it were, to a single E minor chord; the verbal unity of the passage—the irony of the spring's beauty and the bitterness of the poet's concluding remark, 'You were done for then, old fellow'—is unbroken.

It is not generally known that the order of the songs in Schubert's cycle is actually a travesty of Müller's wishes. There is not the space here to go into details as to why this is so, although Schubert can be largely absolved from blame in the matter. Any attempt to make sense of the sequence of days and nights spent by the wanderer on the road in Schubert's *Winterreise* is almost impossible. In his book on Schubert's songs, E. G. Porter recommends a bold restoration of Müller's own sequence of the poems; if this were done (a revision easily undertaken by a knowledgeable singer) it would get rid of several anomalies in the narrative—the slightly uncomfortable placing of *Die Post* and *Rast*, for example. But it would inevitably disturb the logic of Schubert's musical structure, planned in the cycle from the first song to the last.

Inter-Regional Bridge Competition—V

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE SECOND heat of the Southern area of the current inter-regional competition the contestants were Middlesex, represented by Mrs. P. Forbes and Mr. J. Marshall, and Somerset, represented by Mrs. W. Morley Burry and Mr. A. G. Bonner.

A few minutes before the recording began, the players were given the following problem to study:

WEST	EAST
♠ A Q J 10 8 5 4 3	♠ K 9 7 2
♥ —	♥ K
♦ K 8 6	♦ 7 5 4 2
♣ 8 3	♣ A Q J 10

West had to play a contract of Four Spades against the opening lead of the ace of hearts from North. Competitors were asked to write down their analysis of the play.

If declarer wins the first lead, draws trumps, and finesses in clubs, he can go down if the king of clubs is wrong for him and the ace of diamonds as well. There is a clever play to avoid this. West should not ruff the opening lead of the ace of hearts but should allow it to hold, discarding a club from hand. Say that North continues with a club. Now West goes up with the ace, draws trumps, and runs the queen of clubs, discarding a diamond if the king is not played by South. North may be

able to win this trick, but all the defence can take thereafter is the ace of diamonds, for by this time there are two good clubs in dummy. West loses, at most, a heart (when he ducked the first lead), a club, and a diamond.

This is the sort of stratagem that is easy enough to spot if you have seen a hand like it before; otherwise, most players would miss it. In the broadcast three out of four saw the answer quickly, and that left Somerset leading by 10 points against 5.

Five bidding questions followed, at the end of which Middlesex had picked up one point, the score being 21 to 17 in Somerset's favour. Then the two pairs in turn bid the following hand:

WEST	EAST
♠ K 10 6	♠ A Q 9 7 5
♥ A 3	♥ 8 6
♦ K J 7 6 3	♦ A
♣ A K 10	♣ Q J 9 5 3

West was the dealer and East-West were vulnerable. The maximum of 10 points was awarded to Seven Clubs, for in that contract declarer can cope with a 4-1 break in spades whichever defender has the singleton. Seven Spades and Seven No Trumps scored 8 points, and there was lesser consolation for small slam contracts.

The Middlesex pair had the sort of misunder-

standing that can occur in an unfamiliar partnership:

WEST	EAST
1 D	1 S
3 C	4 C
4 S	5 D
No	

East's Five Diamonds was intended as a control-showing bid, but West took it for delay support in diamonds. As West had forced over One Spade and then supported spades, this was in theory the agreed suit, so it was a mistake to pass Five Diamonds. A cue bid of Five Hearts might have elicited Seven Clubs from East.

The Somerset pair reached the small slam as follows:

WEST	EAST
1 D	1 S
3 NT	4 C
5 C	6 C
No	

Here East might have tried Five Diamonds over Five Clubs, but perhaps he was afraid of this being misunderstood, as in fact it had been by the other pair. The small slam contract scored only 4 points out of 10, but as Somerset was already in front that was enough to put the team into the area final against Surrey.

—Network Three



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IN THE KITCHEN



A Dish from Italy

To MAKE *lasagne verdi* (green lasagne) for four people you will need:

- 1 lb. of minced beef
- a tin of tomatoes
- 2 oz. of butter
- approx. 3 oz. of beef marrow
- a chicken's giblets
- 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 small stick of celery
- 1 cup of double cream; 1 glass of milk
- nutmeg, salt, and pepper
- 14 oz. of flour
- 12 oz. of boiled spinach
- 3 eggs
- grated Parmesan cheese

Chop all the fresh vegetables fairly small. Melt the butter in a pan and cook the vegetables in it for 7-8 minutes, then add the mince, giblets, beef marrow, the pepper and salt, and a little grated nutmeg. Mix the entire contents with a wooden spoon and keep the pan covered, except for an occasional stir, until the meat is well browned. Sieve the tin of tomatoes and add to the contents of the pan. Cover again and cook over a slow heat for an hour and a half, adding a little milk from time to time to keep the mixture juicy.

For the *pasta*, heap the flour on a pastry board and make a well in the middle. Into the well break three eggs. Then add the cooked spinach and mix well with the hands, kneading until the dough is smooth and compact. Now roll out the dough until you have a very thin sheet of it. Leave it for 10 minutes, and, in the meantime, grease a deep, wide pan with a little butter. Add the cream to the meat and vegetables

and allow to heat through. Cut the dough into squares and cook each piece separately in a pan of boiling salted water for about 3 minutes. As each square is cooked, place it in the greased pan and spread it with a layer of the prepared mixture and also a sprinkling of Parmesan cheese. Do this until the pan is full, ending with a thick layer of cheese on top. Place the pan in a hot oven for 15 minutes and serve.

—'Continental Cookery' (B.B.C. Television)

Flavouring with Tarragon

Tarragon gives a faint delicate odour to simple dishes. A little of it is good in a tomato-juice cocktail; or chopped on a plain lettuce salad which has been tossed in an oil and vinegar dressing; or in an omelette. There is always a little of it in smooth French sauces, such as Béarnaise, tartare, and remoulade. Tartare sauce is easy to make. It is just an ordinary, home-made, mild mayonnaise to which is added chopped parsley and chopped tarragon, a few capers, a very little French mustard, and just a pinch of chopped onion. Tartare sauce is excellent with all kinds of fried or grilled fish and with grilled rump steak.

Sometimes at home we have a couple of those little lean fillet steaks—the round, thick kind, with no fat, weighing about 4 ounces each. I fry them in a little butter, just enough to stop them from sticking, in a very hot pan, and when both sides are brown I stir in a good tablespoon of red wine. After about a minute I stir in a dessertspoon of butter and a dessertspoon of chopped tarragon.

There is a delicious cold cucumber sauce, too, for serving with things like cold salmon. To make this, grate a cucumber into some ice-cold,

stiffly whipped cream, into which you have whisked a little tarragon vinegar. This is good with almost any cold fish.

SHEILA HUTCHINS
—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Notes on Contributors

- RICHARD HARRIS (page 686): on the editorial staff of *The Times*; on the staff of the British Embassy in China, 1947-50
- RODERICK MACFARQUHAR (page 686): Editor of the *China Quarterly*; and of *The Hundred Flowers*
- E. H. CARR, C.B.E. (page 691): Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge University; Wilson Professor of International Politics, University College of Wales, 1936-47; author of *Michael Bakunin, The Twenty Years' Crisis 1919-1939, Conditions of Peace, A History of Soviet Russia*, etc.
- SIR PHILIP HENDY (page 693): Director of the National Gallery, London; author of *Spanish Painting, Masaccio, The National Gallery—London*, etc.
- PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON (page 696): Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature; author of *The Philistines, Six Proust Reconstructions, The Unspeakable Skipton, The Humbler Creation*, etc.
- JOHN HALE (page 698): Lecturer in History, Oxford University, and Tutor of Jesus College; author of *England and the Italian Renaissance and Machiavelli and Renaissance Italy*; editor of *The Italian Journal of Samuel Rogers*
- DAVID LLOYD JAMES (page 704): Assistant Head of Children's Programmes (Sound), B.B.C.; Second Assistant, Light Programme, 1948-51

Crossword No. 1,612.

The Torn Page.

By Cheops

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 27. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



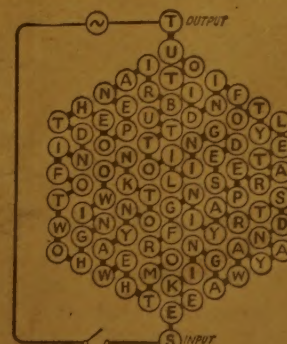
The original MS. bearing the clues was torn across and across, and the fragments were then pasted together in such a way as to bring part of each clue into juxtaposition with part of another, giving thirty-two new 'scrambled' clues as below. Of these, nine start with an original Across clue and end with an original Down clue; eight are Across followed by Across; seven are Down-Across; and eight are Down-Down. The problem is to enter the original light in its correct place by reassembling the original clues. In all but one instance, the part-clue which occurs first determines the direction of the light. The numerals give the length of the word as originally clued, and interrogation marks travel with the part-clue.

CLUES

- a. Eat soup (5 6)
- b. Juliet's open window? (8 5, 2)
- c. Wheeled back round? No—may appear at dinner (9 4, 2, 1, 4)
- d. Sick of London (3-6 9)
- e. She reveals a bishop at dusk (8 3)
- f. Character of Dickens, not always welcome (6 9)
- g. Steers into courage (6 5)
- h. Faithful friend stirs up Lethe (7 5)
- i. Nasty type, awkwardly placed, just goes off (4, 2, 1, 4 9)
- j. Rolling collection (9 3)
- k. For a dame on the coast (7 7)
- l. Top part of the body (3, 2, 6 5)
- m. Brick flies in the Academy (3 8)
- n. She starts a chat and then changes direction (5 7)
- o. Grim-looking vagrant (3 9)
- p. Spell on the board? Yes and no (5 6)
- q. Professor subject to flag (8 6)

- r. Digger of lictors of Rome (3, 2, 6 5)
- s. His calls, though instrumental, are yet no cardboard (9 6)
- t. Comes in, but not now (3-5 3, 3)
- u. The country to take a whole picture-gallery—not pleasant (6 7-2)
- v. I put the weight in painting (9 3-6)
- w. Not wholly rented place for a short drink (7 7)
- x. May take an awkward turn away (6 5)
- y. Honorary Quaker (8 6)
- z. The rest of another (5 6)
- A. Game-bird? Yes, in two languages (6 5)
- B. Earthquake reveals a new order (5 6)
- C. A good one is across in a liner (7-2 6)
- D. Casually visits through the father-in-law (5, 2 8)
- E. One creature with internal complaint produces the picture (6 5)
- F. Leave shore to the right-handed bat (3, 3 3-5)

Solution of No. 1,610



NOTE

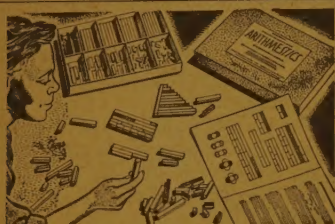
Quotation: *Henry VI*, Part 3, Act III scene 2, lines 176-8.

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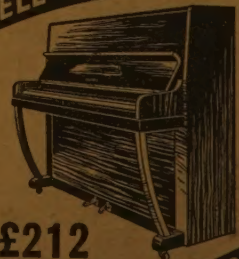
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